The Panama Canal: a time bomb on our doorstep

NewTimes

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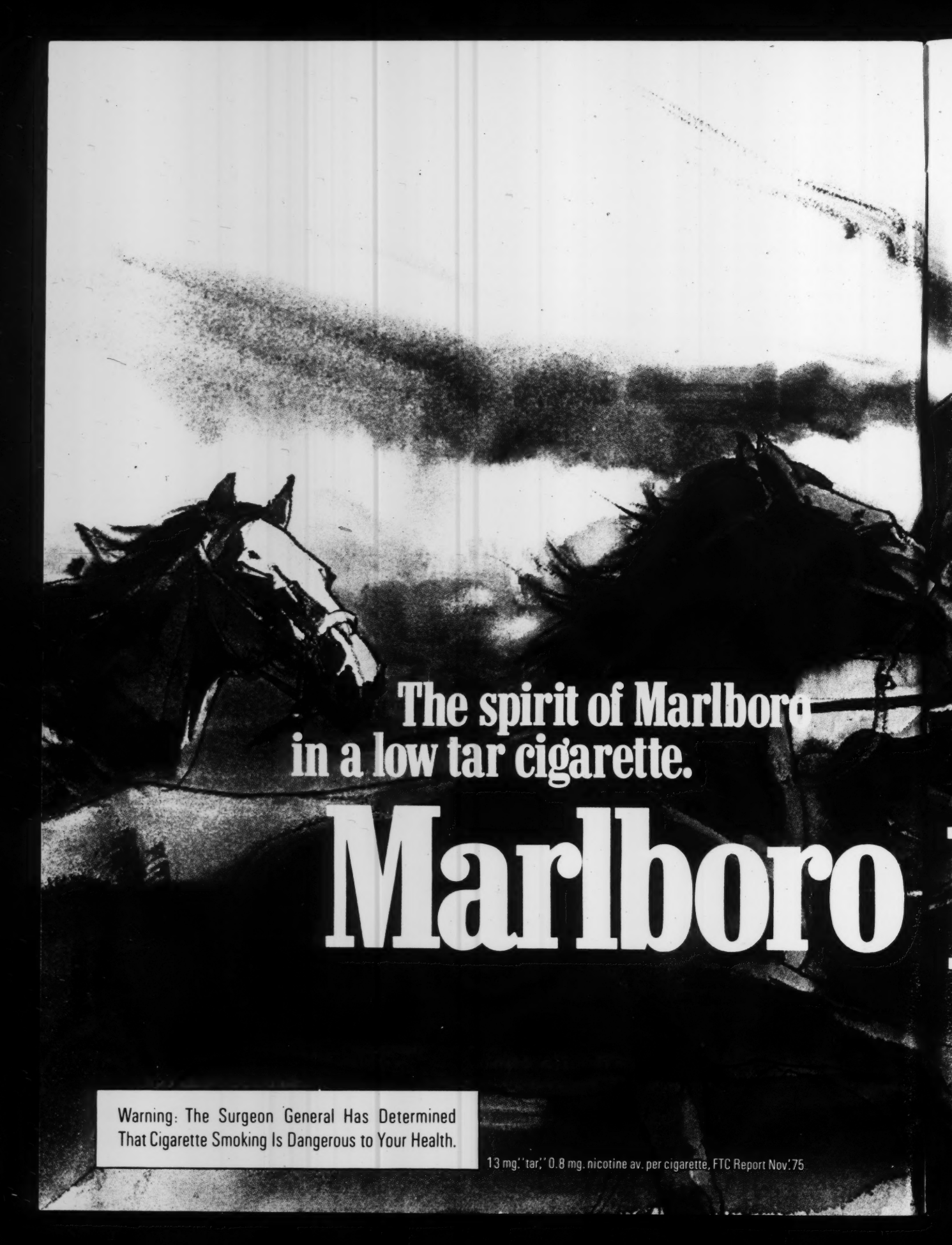
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MAY 14, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 10

New Times

The Panama time bomb

Caught between Panamanians who demand control of the Canal and conservative Americans who won't give up an inch, the Ford Administration hopes to forget the controversy until after the elections. But the short fuse in Panama has already begun to sputter.

By Steve Diamond

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COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID WOO

Berkeley at the barricades

Guerrillas are again roaming the streets of Berkeley. But this time, the battle is over traffic congestion.

By Roger Rapoport

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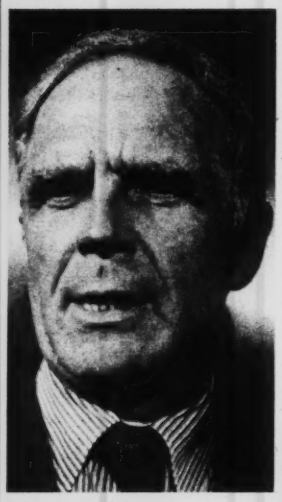

It's raining on Kevin White's parade

A grand jury sniffing after persistent rumors of scandal is making life miserable for the mayor of Boston.

By Robert Sam Anson

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CB—America's new party line

First Mama down on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has got her ears, as does Space Woman in San Diego. They and 13 million other Americans are participants in the craze that's boosted Citizens Band radio from a truckers' tool to the hub of a mobile community.

By Ralph Keyes

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Hollywood on the range

Can an established novelist beat the movie people at their own game and come away with his literary laurels intact? Tom McGuane is hell-bent on trying, despite recent—and disillusioning—experiences with Brando, Nicholson and others during the filming of his screenplay, *The Missouri Breaks*.

By Sheila Weller

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America's Finest:

Hideaway

Their seventh album. Produced by George Martin. On Warner Bros. records and tapes.

Letters

The DESKTOP puzzle

Your DESKTOP story ("DESKTOP: A military mystery story," April 2) has been haunting me for weeks. Michael Drosnin must be a cross between Sy Hersh and Agatha Christie. Every morning I wake up expecting to see the final solution on the front page of the *New York Times*, and not a word. Well, it took them a few months to catch on to Watergate, too.

Gordon Walker
New York City

Apparently Mr. Drosnin couldn't care less about the security of the United States. Who do you think you are, revealing something you have reason to believe is potentially a defense against complete annihilation of this country? I am aware that some people in our government have abused national security, but if Project DESKTOP does, in fact, refer to an anti-ICBM defense force for our nation, then you have performed a traitorous act.

Randy Marm
Ft. Hood, Texas

I am a journalism student, and Michael Drosnin's DESKTOP story has taught me one hell of a lesson on investigative journalism. Thanks. And keep digging.

Paul Saltzman
St. Paul, Minnesota

Devastating

James S. Kunen's "Slow Down" inventory of our nation's nuclear capability devastated me ("What do nuclear tests test?" April 16). His vivid translation of the government's abstractions into their most telling and human terms made for one of the most stunning (though abhorrent readings) I have enjoyed in months.

If TNT were money, each American's share would make him a millionaire.

Bob Vasilak
Iowa City, Iowa

Evaluating the SLA

"The story of the SLA" (April 16) reveals its members to be immature people playing at "cops and robbers," massaging each other's egos by mouthing impressive-sounding but meaningless "revolutionary" slogans and phrases. "Urban guerrilla warfare," while seemingly dashing and daring, can only cause momentary dislocations and actually provides an excuse for tighter controls. It's self-defeating. The sad thing is that these young people, with what they regarded as high ideals, ended up either dead or in jail, their lives wasted.

Louis Dehuer
Azusa, California

Of all the social injustice that the SLA rightfully lived against and fought against, it's sad to think that they deemed the "cause" worthy of murder as a means to the liberated end. If there is no way without killing, there is no way.

Rick Baker
Sparta, North Carolina

Ladies Day

I enjoyed Mark Goodman's story about Bill Veeck very much ("If baseball is poetry, Bill Veeck must be Shakespeare," April 16). Veeck is a fascinating character and a great innovator, but he didn't "invent" Ladies Day. Memphis, then in the old Southern League, had it around the turn of the century, long before Veeck was born.

Waldo Zimmerman
Memphis, Tennessee

Meditations on TS

Harry Stein's satire on TS ("Total Self-absorption," April 16) was long overdue. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Werner Erhard and all those other phonys needed a good swift kick. Granted, meditation is great, but those capitalistic masters are just self-indulging in being masters.

Euen Reitman
Montreal, Quebec

From one who is too often screwed up being totally absorbed in herself—thanks for the jolt back into reality. It's so hard to stay there.

Wendy L. Warren
Rochester, New York

Your article on TS is extraordinarily blasphemous. Although I've never been involved in a program such as est, Silva Mind Control or TM, I cannot comprehend your seemingly low regard for any method or religion that offers a happier, healthier and higher way of life.

Erik S. Innes
Long Beach, California

The trend at *New Times* seems to be toward disparaging self-examination. In fact, meditation can help us become aware that we do not need anything but ourselves, and that we do not have to take anything from anyone else.

Sharon Castanteen
Union City, New Jersey

Let them pack salt

Your article on nitrite-cured meat ("Bacon: the fat is in the fire," April 16) really hit hard. As far as I am concerned, the dung has hit the fan. The people have a right to stipulate whether they want to slowly poison themselves and their children or not. Inform the public of the facts and I believe either the law will hear us or the meat processors can pack salt.

Alejandra Toale
Whippany, New Jersey

Jean Carper's article is an astounding revelation and I was appalled. With complete knowledge of the fact that nitrosamines as "cancer causing agents . . . have no equals," the government has allowed their use in the preparation of a food which is consumed in quantities approximating 1.4 billion pounds a year. I consider this an outrage.

Of course, I *can* see the government's side of it—after all, bacon is a lot of people's favorite food. But I'm sure that once given a choice between dying of cancer and eating bacon, it would be obvious that there really is no choice at all.

Suzanne Frank
New York City

A reliable rotary

I'm a little disappointed with its gas mileage, but my Mazda is a responsive, easy-handling, smooth-riding car. My rotary engine ("Final Tribute," April 16) has been trouble-free, and the peace of mind of owning a good, reliable car is worth the extra in gasoline money. It's a shame Detroit won't take the chance with it!

Janet Mielchen
West Patterson, New Jersey

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Party Lines

Glory, glory Jimmy Carter/By Robert Sam Anson

Here I am, having spent the entire evening being a witness to history, having seen, heard and actually *touched* the man who, I am reliably assured, will be the next president of the United States, in this, his most crucial hour, the night of the Pennsylvania primary, and what profundities do I have to lay out before you? None.

Tonight was a very important night; that much I can tell you. There probably won't be any stopping Jimmy Carter from now on. We and the nomination, whatever they are worth, are almost surely his. But what does it all mean?

That's the problem with Jimmy Carter. You can never be sure, not even if you're there, smile to smile with him, recording every word, noting every nuance. In the end, even on an evening like this one, there are no great truths, only snapshots of impressions.

Like green. Green is Jimmy Carter's color. It's on all his posters, all his buttons, all his bumper stickers, in fact, all over everywhere. Gerry Rafshoon, who is Carter's ad man, and thus responsible for the green wave that is slowly engulfing America, explained to me that green actually is *his* favorite color, and besides, as Rafshoon put it, "I don't like red, white and blue. You know that some other guy is always going to go for red, white and blue." Sounds very comforting until you begin looking around the ballroom of the Philadelphia Sheraton, where Carter is holding his victory party, and you notice the woman in the green hat carrying the green lunch bucket with the green Carter stickers on it. And then the fellow with the green tie, which is laid over a green shirt, snuggled under a green sport coat, atop a green pair of slacks. And pretty soon it dawns on you that nearly everyone in the room has some kind of green on, which makes them look very cool and relaxed, and a little like generals in the Uraguayan Air Force. Even one of Carter's kids is wearing a green shirt. And, when the big moment arrives and the candidate comes down the grand staircase, finger held high in an "I'm number one" salute, he treads on, yes, green cut-pile carpet.

Now, all of this monochromatic mania may be a portent of an America which, under President Carter, will be regimented, orderly and dull, or, on the other hand, it may mean absolutely nothing. That's how it is with Jimmy. You places your vote and you takes your chance.

Anyway, we'll be happy. Everyone is happy at a Jimmy Carter victory party, and they had better be. Because there is a three-piece rock band that travels with the Carter campaign—their name, are you ready, is "Gary, Terri and Harry," and they look just like their name sounds: cute and cuddly—that gives very precise instructions on happiness. When the governor appears, Gary is saying, "You clap your hands and sing the song we always sing for the governor on nights like this, because he deserves it, and you know he does. The song is 'My never-ending love for you.' " To get everyone in the mood, Gary, Terri and Harry play their special medley—a blend of "Dixie," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and

"This Is My Country." And, sure enough, everyone sings on cue, in tune and as ordered.

There is something vaguely disquieting about this well-orchestrated "Up With People" brand of happiness, however genuine the smiles on the unpimpled faces of Gary, Terri and Harry. There is also a vague guilt for feeling this way, because, after all, aren't people supposed to be happy, and isn't America, like the song says, "grandest on earth"? Gosh, you want to believe it, especially when it is so obvious that all the toe-tapping, hallelujah-singing little green people around you believe it. When you are with Jimmy Carter, you don't want to be different. You lose the very impulse to be different. And, how can you, when, at the close of his victory statement, he says with evident, if somewhat practiced, sincerity, "I want all of you to know that you're just as much a part of my family as these people behind me." Then, looking out at the crowd of several hundred, he adds with a flourish, "I want to invite each and every one of you in the next six or eight months to come down to Plains, Georgia, and see us where we live." That is how it will be. We'll all go to Plains, and be part of that big happy family, with smiling Jimmy the daddy of us all.

Well, maybe you had to be there. But, believe me, if you were there, hearing him say it, having him seem to look right out at *you*, it wouldn't seem nearly as nutty as it reads in black and white. It seemed, in fact, rather plausible, and not unappealing. In short, sort of like Jimmy himself.

As I left Jimmy Carter to savor his triumph, aware that something—perhaps us—had indeed turned in Pennsylvania, only one thing intruded on the mellowness of the evening. It was the memory of an encounter a few hours before with an old friend, one of the best and most decent political operators in the business, a man who had written the very words Jimmy Carter spoke in victory. He had come to work for Carter only a short time before, and his arrival had been rightly heralded as a coup for Carter— and as a signal that Carter, at long last, would begin to spell out his hopes and plans for America. But now, in the hour of Carter's greatest victory, with the prospect of an important White House job an ever more likely possibility, my friend was quitting, going home.

He was far too much a gentleman to tell me why he was leaving. Indeed, he had many kind things to say about the governor. But I know my friend too well, and I knew the look on his face. It was a scared look, the look of someone who had seen something he did not want to see.

I tell that story only to add another snapshot to the album of impressions we have been gathering these past months. An impression, and nothing more.

You can't be profound in Philadelphia late at night, with all the bars closed, not even if you have seen history being made. Thank God Walter Cronkite has just appeared on my hotel room television. Tell us, Walter. You seem to know these things. Will Jimmy be all right? What does it all mean? ●

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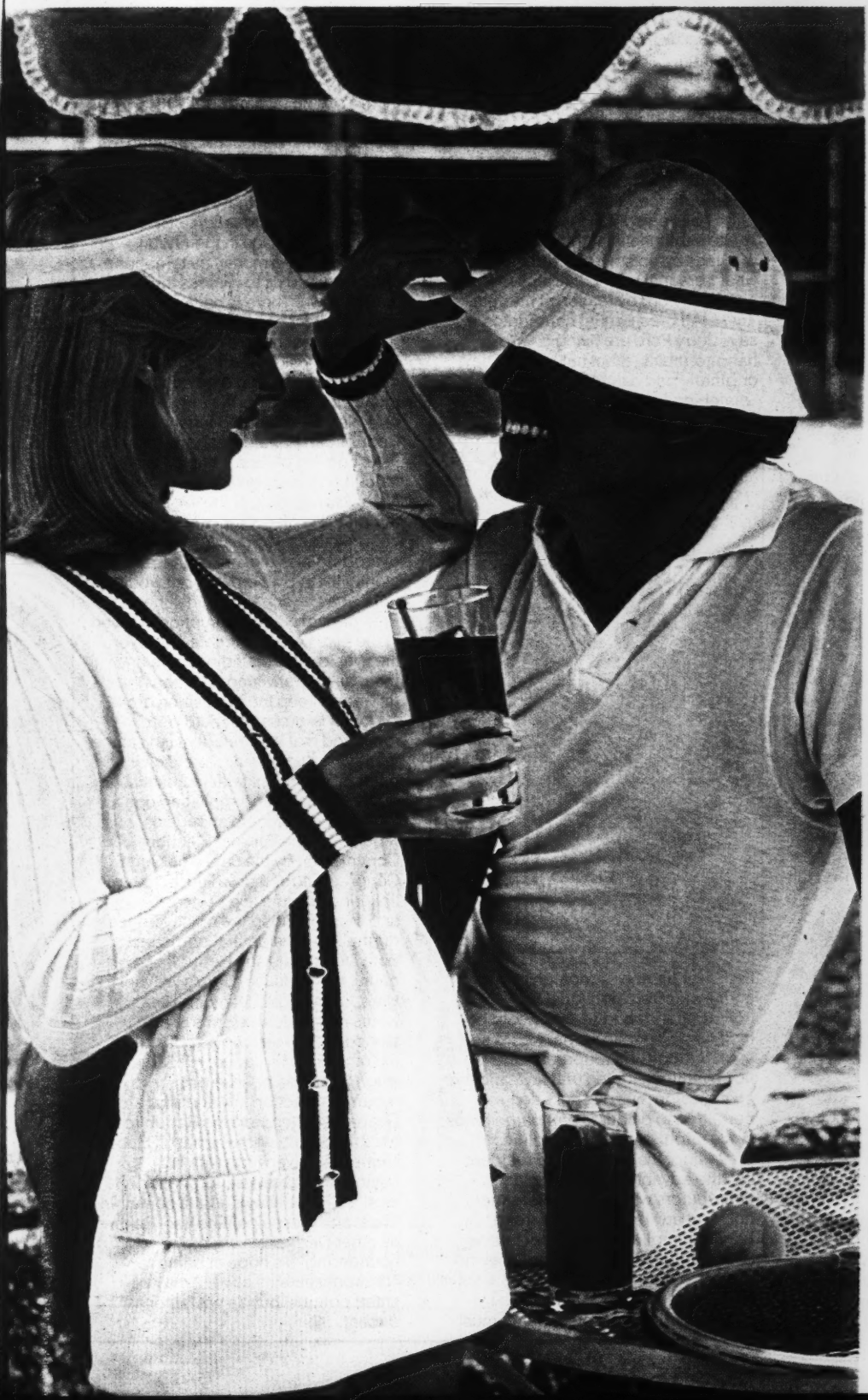

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Fulminations

Cat and mouse politics/By Larry L. King

Our politicians in recent years have proved such scoundrels and scalawags that one having a reputation for common decency—which, logically, we should expect even of our neighbors or community tradesmen—is almost automatically elevated to the rank of Statesman, if not to pretensions of Sainthood. About all one needs to do to be considered presidential timber is escape indictment.

If you think this overblown rhetoric, then consider the cases of Senator Ted Kennedy and John Connally, the former governor of Texas who served as Nixon's secretary of the treasury. Senator Kennedy, convicted of a minor charge after his major Chappaquiddick tarnishments, is shown in the latest national poll to run ahead of Hubert Humphrey and Jimmy Carter—and the latter two run ahead of all *other* Democrats in the public esteem. Republican Connally, indicted on bribery and conspiracy charges (though acquitted after a three-week trial), retains presidential hopes of his own; during the weeks preceding the Texas primary he was avidly courted both by President Ford and challenger Ronald Reagan, each of whom kissed everything but his ring.

First Daddy Ford himself often has been excused for being a physical stumblebum, as well as an intellectual have-not, on the ground that he's so all-fired "decent" the average Eagle Scout might wither in his presence. I can't see it myself, our caretaker President having attempted a crude impeachment of former Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas on extremely dubious constitutional grounds, having issued the Unpardonable Pardon to the only President who felt the necessity to publicly declare himself no crook and having demonstrated compassion for the poor and the neglected ranking midpoint between that of Jay Gould and Marie Antoinette.

More even-tempered Americans, however, *do* somehow see President Ford as so overburdened with a general common decency as to overlook or forgive his specific trespasses. In view of recent developments, I would invite these to reinspect his record. Jerry Goodguy currently is dealing in as shoddy a shell game as any since the gypsies left town. What he is threatening to do to all other presidential candidates is keep them poor while he remains rich.

The President has indicated that he well may veto the new campaign bill soon to be sent forward by Congress, on the theory that it deprives the Federal Election Committee of "political independence." He will not, he says, "sign bad legislation for any reason." These sentiments might be applauded with less cynicism if one did not know what personal political profits might accrue to Ford by reason of his veto.

All presidential candidates save Jerry Ford are living hand-to-mouth, if not flat broke. They originally had calculated that the "matching funds" proviso of the

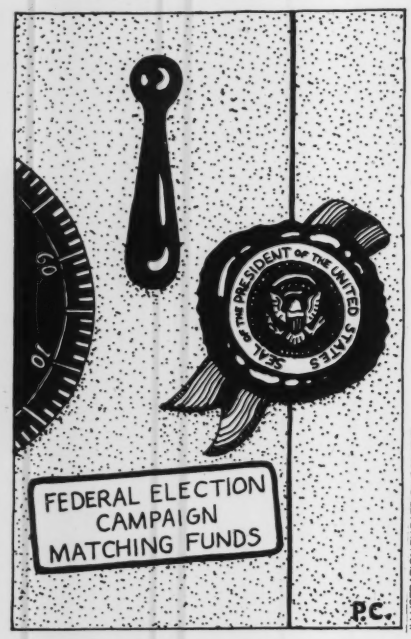

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

Federal Election Campaign Law, under which all individual contributions up to $1,000 would be matched by public funds, would see them through. The Supreme Court, however, invalidated that law, and the commission thus has not been permitted to disburse campaign funds since mid-March. Power politics prevailing, the incumbent President has the advantage of enthusiastic contributors where mere pretenders do not. And any president may reap banner headlines or network television exposure even if he accomplishes no more than random sneezes or Bicentennial proclamations. Challengers, on the other hand, must extend themselves to gain media attention. This sometimes prompts them to come off a bit shrill or desperate, as in the case of Jimmy Carter's remark about maintaining the "ethnic purity" of neighborhoods. So desperate are the challengers to make themselves heard that TV networks treated us to the spectacle of Mo Udall and Scoop Jackson in their hotel rooms, begging money by telephone, and permitted us to witness their being turned down. There is not a lot of common decency in that, either.

President Ford runs a calculated risk in vetoing the campaign bill. Should he continue the money freeze on his opponents—including fellow Republican Ronald Reagan—then he risks coming off as a selfish, calculating lout content to wallow in his own prosperity at the expense of fair play. He also might enrage congressional Democrats who, by overriding his veto, not only would free money for the candidates but would appear as reformers against the President's role of obstructionist. Even in the face of these threats, however, the President is sounding more and more as if he's willing to accept the risk—and keep the opposition broke.

In fairness, it should be remarked that the President isn't alone in playing such cat and mouse politics. Congressional forces also are guilty. Rather than simply conform to the basic and simple changes required of the Federal Election Commission by the Supreme Court, Congress slowed down the action by tinkering with the law in major ways, and thus extended the money freeze during key presidential primaries. Both Democrats and Republicans are guilty. In the House, Ohio's Wayne Hays, a crusty old Democrat who wants no political reforms at all, stalled the bill as long as possible. On the other side of Capitol Hill, Senator Hugh Scott has been in no hurry to repair the election law and thus aid the Reagan challenge to the Republican establishment. And why hasn't Hubert Humphrey given forth with his customary righteous indignation? Well, ol' Hube knows a little something of cat and mouse politics, too. So long as other Democrats are broke and floundering, his hope of being "drafted" remains alive. It may be smart politics, but it's not fair or decent. ●

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FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

Slow Down

Replay/By James S. Kunen

Opening day: John Philip Sousa leads the band in "The Star Spangled Banner." Governor Al Smith throws out the first ball. The umpire says, "Play ball," and Red Sox lead-off man Chick Fewster steps up to the plate. Yankee hurler Bob Shawkey pumps his red-sleeved arms and fires in the first pitch—ball one. The first game is under way in the new, $2.5 million Yankee Stadium.

Two hours and five minutes later, the Yankees, thanks to Babe Ruth's 199th home run, had won. Fifty years later, Yankee Stadium closed its gates and was torn down to the girders to be rebuilt. In the interim, the Yankees won 27 pennants, including 14 in 16 years from 1949 to 1964, earning the hatred of decent people everywhere, Red Sox fans in particular.

As one of the latter, I had mixed feelings about going to the Second Opening of Yankee Stadium, all the more so because the city's purchase and renovation of the stadium, agreed to when the Yankees threatened to make like rats on a sinking ship, had transferred an incredible $100 million from the public treasury to pockets unknown. But you've got to be somewhere; it might as well be at an historic event—that way you feel your life has some content. So, on April 15, a friend and I were among the 54,010 filling the new ball park. A cursory examination revealed that the materials and workmanship were of the seventies style—you'll be able to hear a toilet flush anywhere in the American League. But the spring green grass, the blue walls and the white gothic facade atop the "Telescreen" instant replay scoreboard—a union of the media and the medieval—combined to lend the stadium a timeless brightness even on a cloudy day. This was no plastic-turfed symmetrical boredom bowl like you find in, say, Cincinnati. The pennants snapping in the breeze flew over a place of grace and beauty.

Robert Merrill sings "The Star Spangled Banner"; 85-year-old Bob Shawkey throws out the first ball. The umpire says, "Play ball," and Minnesota lead-off man Jerry Terrell steps up to the plate. Yankee hurler Rudy May pumps his blue-sleeved arms and fires in the first pitch—ball one. The first game is under way in the new Yankee Stadium.

The second, third and fourth pitches are also balls, and the fifth lands somewhere beyond the left field wall. It could be a long afternoon for the home team.

In the top of the second, the Twins' Larry Hisle stole second. Catcher Thurman Munson's throw was high and wide. Willie Randolph leapt for it and tagged the sliding Hisle's hip. Hisle's foot, meanwhile, had arrived safely, or so signaled the umpire. The crowd disagreed. "Let's see the replay!" the fans called. But the $3 million instant replay scoreboard wasn't working, and I was glad. The periods of inaction in baseball should not be disturbed. Nothing should disrupt the flow of the game toward the diamond-hard Moment.

Ninety-five percent of the action at a baseball game goes on in the minds of the fans. While the pitcher is getting the signal, while the batter is planting his foot in the box, the fan sees in his mind's eye a desirable resolution to the set of circumstances which have been taking shape on the field before him. But such fantasies cannot be cherished for long. The pitch is thrown, the time has come, the truth will out. And should the hoped-for event transpire, a great cheer goes up from the crowd, which knows the heady pleasure of seeing the idea made real.

Example: The sixth game of the 1975 World Series, the eighth inning, the Red Sox down by three, two on, but two out and two strikes on pinch-hitter Bernie Carbo, and Bernie Carbo somehow reaches into some well of strength—somehow it is his Moment, everything comes together, it's the truth, the ball leaves his bat bound for the bleachers. I saw it coming toward me. You could only hope it would make it. It looked like it would, but who could believe it? But believe it or not, that ball flew through the night sky like the glimmer of an idea, a point gaining dimension, a dot, a disc, a sphere, whizzing at last, you could *hear* that beautiful baseball cutting through the air and k-chunk, there it was, come home to me baby, almost in my lap, and Bernie Carbo's rounding the bases like he owned 'em and we're all *crazy*, as who wouldn't be, after a jolt like that? And the Red Sox have taught another generation baseball's lesson: there is always hope.

A replay wouldn't have shown what I saw, or what any other fan saw. It would show what the TV camera saw, and it would make everyone in the park see it the same way, and ultimately remember it the same way. Can't we have any unmediated experience? Can't anything be left alone?

People don't need replays. People remember.

My attention is drawn to the field in the Yankee half of the fourth. The Yankees are behind 4-1. A walk, a triple, a single, a steal, a single, four beers, a box of Cracker Jack and a passed ball—that chain of events makes it 4-4 with a man on second when Yankee manager Billy Martin sends up Otto Velez, a perennial all-star for the Syracuse Chiefs, to pinch-hit. I explain to my friend that Velez has been trying to make it in the big leagues for a number of years. This is a big chance for him. The count goes to 3 balls, 2 strikes. Albury winds and throws and Otto Velez lashes a single into left field, and the go-ahead run comes home.

"The kid's all right," my friend says to me.

And it's good to be in Yankee Stadium. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

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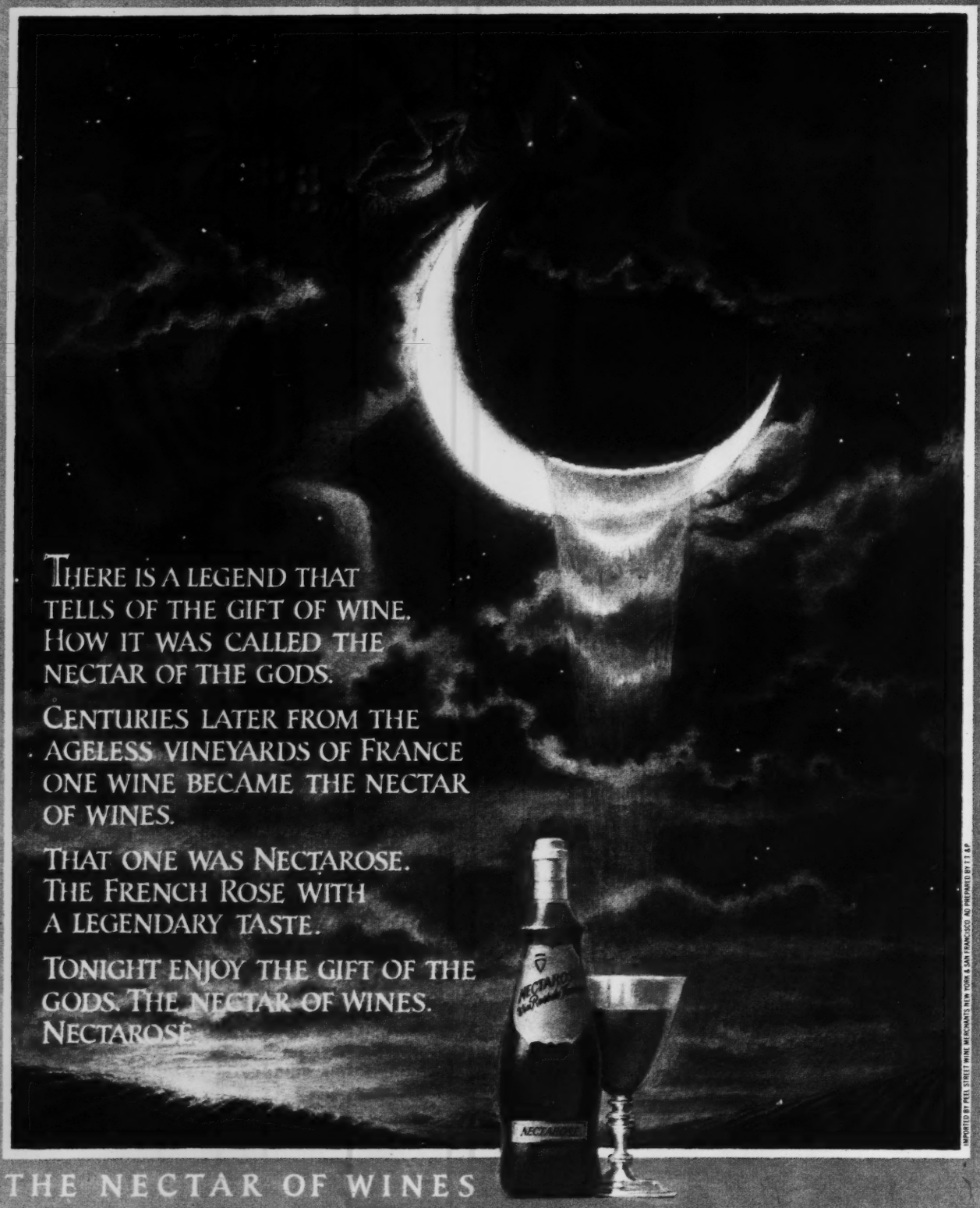
THERE IS A LEGEND THAT
TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE.
HOW IT WAS CALLED THE
NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE
AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE
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OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE.
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THE NECTAR OF WINES

NECTAROSE

The Ruling Class

But is it good for the Jews?/By Robert Scheer

Ever since the Six-Day War, the vast majority of Israel's supporters in this country have equated the cause of Jewish survival with a tough stance on the occupation of the West Bank and an insistence that the PLO is merely a collection of bandits who do not represent the Palestinian people. "Appeasement" of Arab militancy has been associated with high risk, whereas virtually no risks were thought to be attendant to the continued policy of military occupation. It has even been argued that the "benevolence" of Israeli occupation of the Left Bank would convince the average Palestinian of the irrelevance and harmful effects of a continued addiction to Palestinian nationalism. Indeed, it was frequently stated that these new Arabs under Israeli control would be inspired by the example of Israel's pre-1967 Arab population, whose members had become "contented citizens" of Israel.

But the events of the past few months have made hash of all such expectations. The demonstrations of West Bank Arabs have been matched by the militancy of Israel's own Arab citizenry. Nazareth, once an Israeli government showcase of the new Arab culture flourishing within Israel, has a communist mayor who helped lead the demonstrations and who is accused by the government of being pro-PLO. Now comes the news that supporters of the PLO swept the elections in every West Bank town except Bethlehem. These election results, coming as they did after massive demonstrations in support of the PLO, left no question that Palestinian nationalism is growing and that the PLO is its most visible manifestation.

The election results and demonstrations have shocked at least some leading papers and politicians within Israel into an awareness that the Palestinian problem is not simply a contrivance of corrupt Arab governments. The *Jerusalem Post*, which generally supports the Israeli government, stated in an editorial: "The municipal elections held in the West Bank on Monday were fair, quiet and orderly. The ballot was secret and untainted by pressures . . . yet the results were a clean sweep for the young radicals . . . . The overwhelming majority of voters, especially in the larger cities, chose those candidates who most clearly carried the label of opposition to Israeli rule." The *Post* added that "the Israeli authorities, for their part, must not treat the new local leaders as potential enemies but as partners in a new dialogue."

But it is clear from the expressed sentiments of these new leaders that such a dialogue will succeed only if it is part of a larger dialogue with the PLO itself. Provocative marches through the West Bank by Israelites bent on expropriating Arab lands will not help such a dialogue, especially when such activities are, at least in part, condoned by the Israeli government.

Most Jews throughout the world who support Israel do so not out of adherence to some biblical geographical injunction about the true boundaries of the Holy Land, but rather out of a desire to guarantee the security of those Jews who live in Israel because they were ostracized and persecuted elsewhere. But does anyone seriously believe that grabbing Arab land and shooting Arab demonstrators (including some who were citizens of Israel) will, in the long run, increase Jewish security?

Nor does it seem to me terribly important that the Israeli military occupation of Arab peoples and lands is sometimes portrayed as being more benign than similar occupations elsewhere. The logic of an occupation is that it gets nasty in proportion to a people's resistance, and that process is now well under way. It should also be added that most occupations are begun in the name of some nation's security, but they soon develop an irresistible and vicious dynamic of their own that overwhelms the original purpose until the occupation itself becomes the end. This occupation has obviously contributed to the growing isolation of Israel's Jewish population from the larger non-white community with which they must coexist.

The sudden escalation of Israel's relations with the government of South Africa, which came right in the midst of the Arab demonstrations, will not help end this isolation. In the first part of April, Prime Minister Itzhak Rabin invited South African Prime Minister Johannes Vorster to Israel as his guest. The visit was barely reported in the American press, which is rather odd, given the worldwide campaign to isolate the government of South Africa because of its apartheid policies. (Ironically, Israel was joined in this South African thaw by Iran and the conservative Arab Gulf oil powers, who are also working toward improved relations with Vorster's government.) At the end of Vorster's Israeli visit, it was announced that both governments had decided to create a joint ministerial committee to expand investments and trade and to develop "joint utilization of South African raw materials and Israeli know-how and manpower." The *Jerusalem Post* noted that "Israel is the first country with which South Africa has set up a joint ministerial committee to promote economic cooperation."

In his toast to Vorster at a dinner he gave for him, Prime Minister Rabin provided fuel for some of the wilder charges of settler colonialism that have been leveled against Zionism. According to the *Jerusalem Post*, Rabin said: "I believe both our countries share the problem of how to build regional dialogue, coexistence and stability in face of foreign-inspired instability and recklessness. This is why," he told Mr. Vorster, "we here follow with sympathy your own historic efforts to achieve détente on your own continent, to build bridges for a secure and better future, to create coexistence that will guarantee a prosperous atmosphere of cooperation for all the African peoples, without outside interference and threat."

Which is just gibberish. Vorster is a deeply committed racist who could not possibly build bridges to the African majority in his country, or on the continent, without ending the apartheid that is the basis of his power, and he has given no indication of doing that. It gives serious pause that Rabin would wish to associate his government's policy with Vorster's racism in this way.

Even the *Jerusalem Post* felt called upon to note that "Vorster himself had opposed his country's participation on the side of the Allies in World War II and was interned for anti-Allied activities." No matter what one wants to say about Israel's security and practical military needs, it simply cannot be good for the Jews, in the long run, to become associated with a former Nazi sympathizer like Vorster and his government—any more than to continue as the military occupiers of the West Bank. ●

The Insider

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Parodying politics on campus / Ingmar Bergman's primal scream

Politics

Nixin' Nixon

President Ford seems to have banned another word from his vocabulary—Nixon. According to one reporter who has been traveling with Ford, the President has avoided using Nixon's name for the past month. For instance, when Ford was boasting about the size of his military budget while campaigning in Atlanta, he sidestepped the Nixon name by saying, "It was myself and not my predecessor who decided we needed more money for the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines." In Indianapolis, while defending his policy of negotiating with Panama over control of the Canal Zone, Ford went to even greater lengths to avoid naming the man whose Watergate specter remains strong: "President Johnson initiated the negotiations. His successor carried them out. We are doing the same thing."

At the White House, Assistant Press Secretary Larry Speakes denied that a policy on avoiding the Nixon name has been established. "I'm not aware of any," he told us. "I've not heard President Ford say that he's not going to use the former President's name."

DENNIS BRACK BLACK STAR

Ford: banishing the past

The thrill is gone

Disillusionment with electoral politics isn't limited to the average voter. Although the 1976 elections are still six months away, an unprecedented 53 congressmen and senators have already announced their intention to retire. Among the reasons cited by the 44 congressmen and 8 senators are family pressures, sheer frustration at the pace of congressional action, financial woes resulting from the discrepancy between public and private sector salaries and one obvious result of all such problems: alcoholism.

DENNIS BRACK BLACK STAR

Scott and Mansfield: retiring powers

The complexion of the next Congress will be further altered by the unusual number of retiring legislators who hold positions of power. In the House, that includes 6 committee chairmen and 19 subcommittee chairmen; in the Senate, both Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.) and Minority Leader Hugh Scott (R-Pa.) are giving up their seats. Among the other retiring powers are Senator Philip Hart (D-Mich.); Thomas E. Morgan (D-Pa.), who has chaired the House International Relations Committee since the fifties; and F. Edward Hébert (D-La.), longtime Pentagon supporter and once the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. All told, the number of new congressional faces, after primaries and elections, could exceed 100.

Whither class?

If politicians themselves are disillusioned with politics, then it's fair to call the situation on campuses a virtual parody. *National On Campus Report,* a student-oriented newsletter, recently surveyed the state of campus politics. It found that voter turnout had reached an all-time low—at the University of Washington, for instance, 2.5 percent of the student body chose the new student president. Although a more respectable 16 percent turned out at the University of Texas, the numbers were largely attributed to a novel campaign. The Arts and Sausage Party won there, with a platform that suggested barbecuing the UT mascot—a longhorn steer—and turning the university itself into a monarchy named "Fat City." At the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, the Stupid American Party won with a pledge to deal "with the administration on their own level—stupidity." And at Portland Community College, the campus president was booted out of office recently. It turned out he wasn't a student.

Anarchy anyone?

Bank job

Despite Massachussetts convict Carl Velleca's much publicized bid for political office, he ran a weak fourth in the April 26 election for Concord selectman. Georgia inmate Bill Moorfield, however, had a better idea. He bypassed the voters and wrote Secretary of the Treasury William E. Simon directly in reference to a $42,000-a-year appointed position.

WIDE WORLD

What Simon said

"Dear Mr. Secretary," the letter began. "I would like you to consider me for the position of Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs. I know a lot about money. I am not a Republican but I like banks anyway. Yours Truly, Bill B. Moorfield. P.S. If you need me for a job like this I'm sure I can make parole at the next board."

Simon answered promptly:

"Dear Mr. Moorfield, Your recent letter indicating an interest in the position of Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs was received and read with interest. Your qualifications have been carefully scrutinized, but in view of the fact that you are not a Republican, you probably would not feel comfortable with this administration. Sincerely yours, William E. Simon. P.S. Good luck on your next meeting with the parole board."

A flip reply to be sure. But what we wondered is whether Simon might have answered differently had he checked and discovered that Moorfield is serving his prison term for twice having threatened the life of former President Richard Nixon.

Capital prudery

Fanne Foxe notwithstanding, nudity remains a touchy issue in the nation's capital. Recently Martin Feinstein, executive director of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, felt compelled to send to all subscribers a letter announcing that the Royal Danish Ballet would begin a week in Washington on May 11. Well, it happens that a male and a female dancer from the company perform nude in the piece, *The Triumph of Death*, and thus Feinstein took no chances in his letter: "We must caution those subscribers who find nudity on the stage offensive. This work has several nude scenes." Said a rankled Kennedy Center employee: "Washington, D.C., might be the nation's capital, but it's still a cultural backwater."

If at first. . .

Here's an inspirational quiz, guaranteed to give the most luckless of us hope for the future. It is the creation of St. Louis adman Sam Krupnick.

Question: To whom does the following capsule biography belong? The man failed in business at age 22, was defeated for the legislature at 23 and failed again in business at 24; he was elected to the legislature at 25, but had a nervous breakdown at 27, was defeated for Speaker at 29, Elector at 31 and Congress at 34. After winning a congressional term at 37, he promptly lost the seat at 39, lost a Senate race at 46, was nosed out for the vice-presidency at 47 and lost in a second Senate race at 49.

Answer: Abraham Lincoln, whose election, at age 51, makes him the second-youngest president ever.

Anything goes

This week's office scuttlebutt focuses on Congressman Wayne Hays

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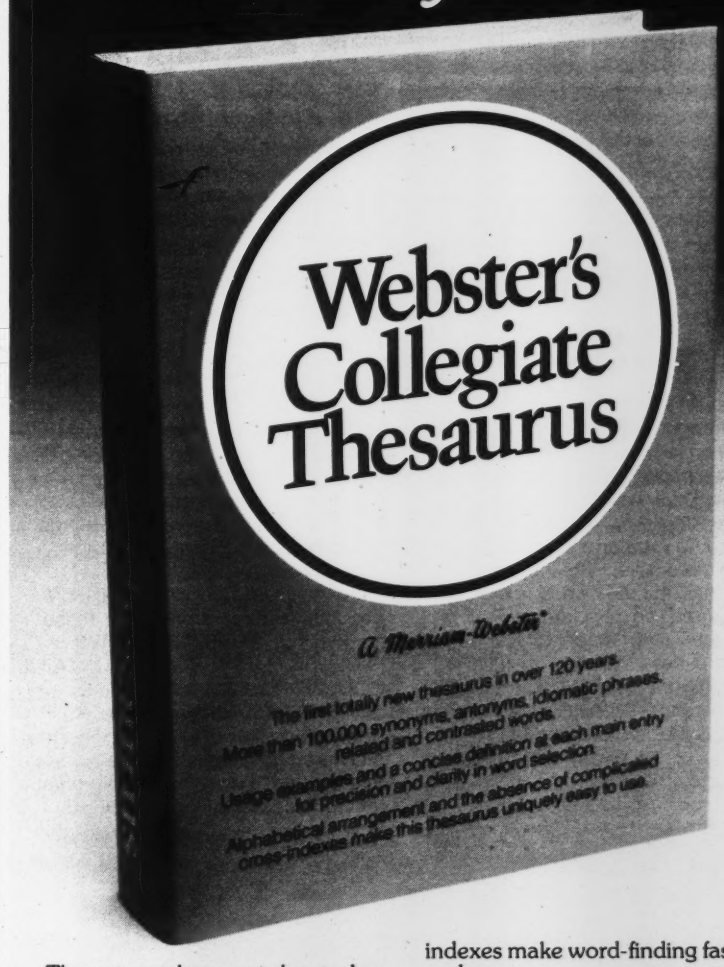
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DIANA WALKER/I AM A CAMERA

Hays: getting his way

(D-Ohio), the artless codger who won't take no for an answer. A few weeks ago, Hays asked his secretary to call the Library of Congress for a verified translation of a Spanish document. The secretary dutifully did so, and was told by a Cuban employee at the Library that the translation would take at least three days. When the secretary brought her boss the news, Hays insisted on talking to the Library employee himself. "You get that translation over here in half an hour," Hays thundered into the receiver, "or you're going to be on a plane back to Cuba in three days." The translation arrived in 30 minutes, and the incident was reported two days later in *Roll Call*, a weekly newspaper for Capitol Hill employees.

When we called Hays' office for a reaction, the response was as strange as the story we sought to check out. "I won't confirm the incident for you and no one else who works for Hays will confirm it," staff director Doug Cross told us. "It sounds like him, all right, but we are not allowed to talk to the press about anything, boss' orders."

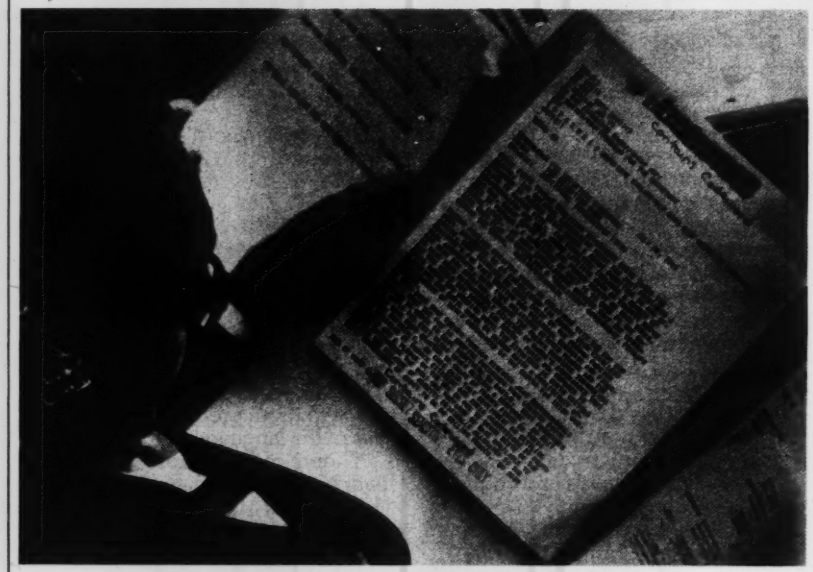
A picture is worth a thousand words

Perhaps not since *Blow-Up* has a camera been used to such revealing effect. Photographer Franco Rossi found himself with a free day while on fashion assignment in Helsinki last summer, and decided to drop in on the European Security Conference then in session.

Rossi took a seat in the crowded press gallery and proceeded to watch as American security agents "spent an hour and 20 minutes going over every inch of the table and chairs where [Gerald] Ford and [Henry] Kissinger would sit. They even drank some water from the carafe to see if it was poisoned." Apparently the only thing the agents didn't do was pay attention to Rossi, who calmly squeezed away on the shutter of his Canon F1 at Ford and Kissinger. Before long, his 300-mm telephoto lens (equipped with an extender bringing it to 600-mm) picked up a note being passed from Ford to Kissinger. Click. Among other things, it said that the secretary of state's speech was "too long." Soon thereafter, Kissinger produced more documents from his briefcase, these marked TOP SECRET SENSITIVE EXCLUSIVELY EYES ONLY CONTAINS CODEWORD. Click, click, click.

When the pictures were developed, it turned out that Rossi had picked up in remarkable detail, page after page of a report on the diplomatic relations between Hanoi and Paris. Included was the revelation that France felt it had been "outrageously deceived by Hanoi's assurances that [the North Vietnamese] would not invade the South."

The photos, and Rossi's story of how he got them, eventually appeared in *Popular Photography*. Now, the young photographer describes the affair as a "huge joke," no doubt because he's laughing all the way to the bank. The enterprise has so far earned him $17,000.



Kissinger: not-so-secret documents

Mind & Body

See me, hear me. . .

Ever had the uncanny experience of setting up a meeting with a complete stranger by phone, and subsequently being able to pick the person out in a crowd? The ability may be less miraculous than you think. According to a University of West Virginia researcher, there is new evidence that people can use the voice as a clue to appearance.

Associate Professor of Speech Pathology Norman Lass had 30 volunteers listen to a series of recorded voices. Following each recording, subjects tried to select the speaker's full-length photo from between two choices. Significantly more than half of the volunteers correctly matched voice and photo. In a second test, volunteers scored well in guessing the weights of speakers from among four choices.

Although the results are preliminary, Dr. Lass believes they are significant. "We may be finding that there are separate voices for the basic body types—for big and little people, for heavy and thin people." As to applicability, Lass knows one group who will be interested: "Cops would love it. They could use voices to help identify people who make obscene phone calls, bomb threats or extorters who ask for ransom."

Digital blues

With a touch of whimsy, we reported several months ago on "Frisbee finger," a modern injury if there ever was one. Enter now a similar but slightly more serious digital sports syndrome, baseball finger.

A surgeon in New Orleans, Dr. Cedric Lowrey, has discovered that repeatedly catching fast balls, even with a mitt, can impair circulation in the hand, causing swelling and stinging in the index finger. The problem occurs mainly with

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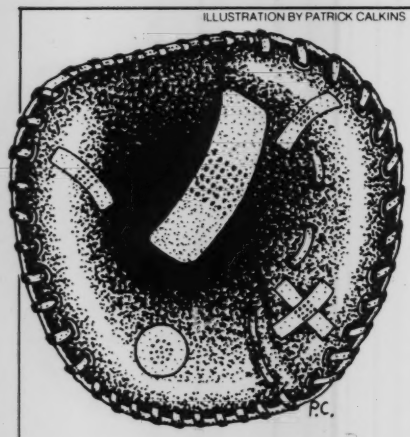


non-professional players who haven't perfected a way to catch the ball in the web of the mitt. What makes it worse is that these days mitts are thinner than ever, ostensibly to provide more "feel." Ironically, the end result may be less feel. At first the condition is simply painful; later the finger can become irreversibly enlarged and thickened.

Lowrey does report, however, that he's coming to the rescue. Along with a glove manufacturer, the New Orleans surgeon has been developing a special inner sponge for mitts.

The Word

Dylan live!

The most lucrative Bob Dylan concert of all time may turn out to be one attended by just a handful of people. The reason is that it was performed in front of a camera, for a still-secret NBC special to be aired in the fall.

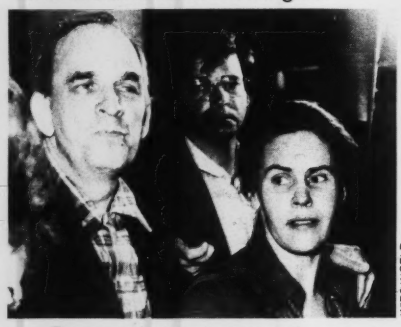
Dylan and his Rolling Thunder Revue recorded the concert in The Starlight Room of the Belleview-Biltmore Hotel in Belleair/Clearwater, Florida, during a day off from their current tour of the South. One of the concert's highlights is Dylan's performance of "Like a Rolling Stone," the voluminous words for which he remembered by writing them all the way up his arm, from wrist to elbow.

Dylan: TV special

ABC apparently approached Dylan first, but he chose NBC because he likes its *Saturday Night* show as well as its late night rock programs. As to the performance itself, one insider calls it vintage Dylan: a lot of music and about 14 spoken words.

Best bits

Joseph and Julia Quinlan have hired an agent to represent them for a book that tells their own version of daughter Karen's tragedy. Negotiations are under way, and a person familiar with them says that any deal will include a film, "or at least a television show." Of primary concern to the Quinlans is that the project be carried out tastefully and not be made to look like a strictly commercial venture. . . . If Ingmar Bergman looks a bit better recently, give credit to Dr. Arthur Janov, the authority on primal scream therapy. Janov went to Sweden to treat his old friend's deep depression and achieved considerable success. Bergman now says he intends to make a film about him and his primal scream work. . . . Those who've seen Steve McQueen recently say he is virtually unrecognizable, and the reason is not so much his new beard as the fact that he's ballooned to a reported 225 pounds. Now he's on a crash diet. . . . One of Julie Nixon's few bright moments during the last month was the news that Warner Paperback (which published *All the President's Men* and will publish her father's memoirs) has decided to drop from the bidding for paperback rights to Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days*. When she heard the news, an exultant Julie phoned friends to tell them that Warner executives thought the book was trash and to speculate optimistically that other publishers would agree. Within days, Avon won the rights to *The Final Days* with a record-breaking $1.55 million bid. . . . Despite rumors of a split between Julie and David (he is believed to be a major Woodstein source), the two are sticking it out and will soon move to New York City, where David has a job with a law firm. . . When Prince Abdullah al-Faisal of Saudi Arabia visited New York City recently, he made two quick stops in Sulka's, a prestigious men's store that specializes in custom-made shirts. Al-Faisal, accompanied by a retinue of aides, spent a reported $25,000, and, in order to process the order, store employees were forced to work overtime. . . . Most poignant quote of the week belongs to Chris Evert, replying to endless inquiries about her relationship with Jimmy Connors. Said she, "I'm tired of people thinking we're the Burtons of tennis."



WIDE WORLD

Bergman: primal scream therapy

Post Scripts

The matchless Kemper (*NT*: November 17, 1975)

Bob Kemper is the 30-year-old carpet company president who took out a full-page ad in the *Miami Herald* last October and headlined it "Wife Wanted." Today, after six months, 2,000 replies and 50 some-odd dates, Kemper remains single.

All is not bleak, however. For the last four months, Kemper has been steadily dating Gayle Fusari, a 31-year-old Miami hair stylist. The catch is that Kemper had already dated Fusari—and stopped dating her— before the ad ever appeared. Undeterred after seeing the ad, she promptly sent Kemper a full-sized photograph of herself and a note that said "Remember me?" Kemper apparently did, and he now describes his steady as "a lovely girl, a great cook and a tidy housekeeper." As to marriage, Fusari is willing but Kemper is no longer so sure. "It's a lifetime commitment," he explains. "If I were pushed now, I would back out."

MIAMI NEWS

Kemper: still single

Contributors: Larry Fredrick, Arthur Hadley, Ernest Lendler, Kitty Kelley, Eunice Martin

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Since Oswald was *known* to be right-handed, how come his gun had a left-handed scope? Why does an FBI report claim that *separate* shots hit the President and ex-Governor Connally . . . when the Warren Commission *insists* it was a single bullet? And how do you account for the 17 different witnesses—all with evidence contrary to the Warren Commission's conclusions—who were found *dead or murdered* within three years of that sad traumatic day in Dallas?

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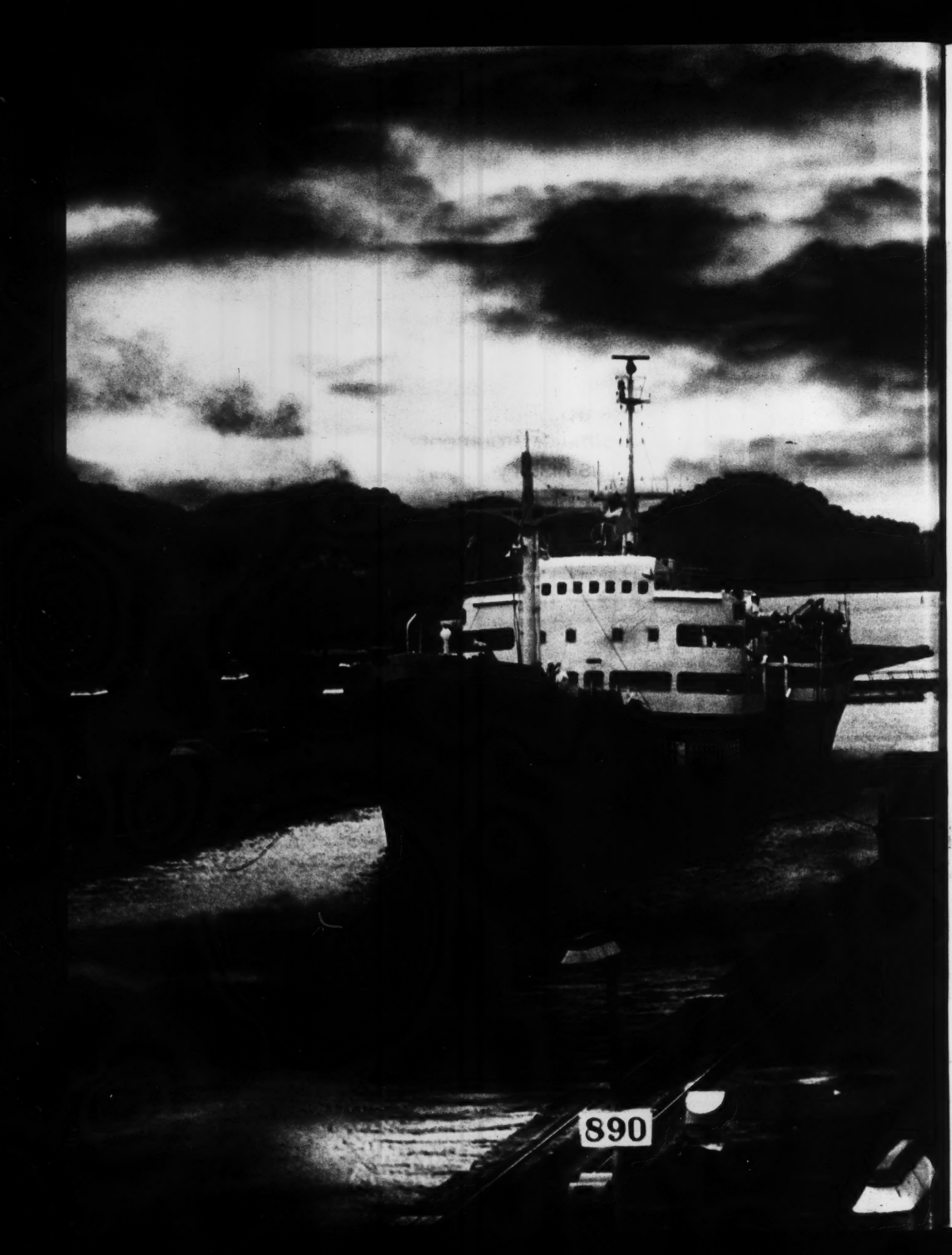
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THE PANAMA TIME BOMB

By Steve Diamond

As Latin American nationalists rage at U.S. imperialism and American conservatives cry treason, the Canal controversy threatens to escalate beyond a war of words

January 16, 1976: *"For the cause of Panama I would even sit in the same room with [Chilean chief-of-state] Pinochet," Fidel Castro assured Panamanian strongman General Omar Torrijos. The two met in Havana to discuss a proposed summit meeting of Latin American nations scheduled for this summer in Panama City.*

April 14, 1976: *Representative Gene Snyder (R.-Ky.) released "closed door" testimony by U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker which he says proves President Ford favors a new Panama treaty to eventually relinquish U.S. control over the Canal and the Zone.*

April 16: *"The United States will never give up its defense rights to the Panama Canal and will never give up its operational rights as far as Panama is concerned," Ford said while campaigning in Dallas.*

April 20: *"We should tell Panama's tinhorn dictator just what he can do with his demands for sovereignty over the Canal Zone. We bought it, we paid for it and they can't have it."—Ronald Reagan campaigning in Texas*

April 22: *Panama's General Omar Torrijos charged "certain" U.S. presidential candidates—meaning Ronald Reagan—with irresponsible statements concerning the Canal issue. Failure to reach a "sound and equitable" agreement, according to Torrijos, would force Panama to "seek other approaches and tactics."*

April 23: *Reagan said the Ford Administration must resist "plain blackmail by the Panamanians" in their attempt to gain control of the Canal.*

April 23: *Ford called Reagan's statements on the Panama treaty negotiations an "invitation to a bloodbath" in that Central American republic.*

April 26: *Miami WTVJ Anchorman Ralph Renick announced that "2,000 Cuban troops have landed in Panama at the request of the government there." Both U.S. intelligence sources and the Panamanian government have denied the report. Further checking with individuals residing in the Republic of Panama failed to confirm the Cuban troop movement.*

The Panama time bomb ticks ominously on that ribbon-thin strip of land which ties the northern half of the Western Hemisphere with its southern parts. Any political explosion in Panama—if it occurs before the Republican nominating convention—could blow it for Gerald R. Ford. And the possibility of violent confrontation, initiated by the "Zonians" (U.S. citizen-residents of the American enclave there) or the Panamanians, grows stronger every day.

The fuse was lit some 73 years ago, with the establishment of an autonomous North American colony within the heart of a newly independent Central American republic. The Panamanians have never relented in their opposition to the American Canal Zone; rather, their antagonism has grown stronger with every passing year. The citizens of Panama regard the Panama Canal as their "geographic birthright," an inheritance of sorts, in spite of the fact that it was built and paid for by the United States government.

On the other side of the fence that separates the American colony from the republic proper, the 40,000 U.S. citizen-residents are worried and angered that the Ford Administration might give away their 553-square-mile "home"—and for the first time in their normally well-behaved history, the Zonians seem to be considering drastic measures.

On March 14, an unprecedented "sick-out" by Panama Canal Company employees, and the ensuing jam-up of ships-in-transit, amplified the problem as never before: U.S. government employees were protesting what they consider to be a sellout by the Ford Administration. For six days, virtually no vessels passed through the Canal, and when the strike ended, over 200 of the world's maritime fleet were backlogged in a holding pattern at either end of the 50-mile waterway.

"Since 1964," a Zonian spokesman told the House Appropriations Committee, "the knowledge that a new Canal treaty would be renegotiated has placed the employee in an atmosphere of indecision and uncertainty. The cumulative effect of all these factors has been the

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE DIAMOND/AVERY CROUNSE

total erosion of employee morale, resulting in the recent closing of the Canal." More important, the "sick-out" caused Americans on the mainland, in the midst of their election follies, to sit up and take note: is the Ford Administration really going to give away the American-built Eighth Wonder of the World?

To the non-elected incumbent President, the Panama Perplex is an

PHOTOGRAPH BY NANCY MORAN

Achilles tendon, an exposed foreign policy flank, a hole through which Ronald Reagan could conceivably carry the ball and go all the way. So the administration has attempted to maintain as low a profile as possible: "Nothing's going to happen on the Panama Treaty until after November," was the unofficial White House maxim, and it was echoed in the streets of Panama City. But in spite of the administration's best efforts, the Panama Perplex has stepped out of the closet and into the campaign.

At issue is an eight-point agreement, initialed by Secretary of State Kissinger and Panama's chief negotiator, Juan A. Tack, back in February of 1974. According to the agreement, which provided "guidelines" for the negotiators, the new treaty will do away with the concept of U.S. control "in perpetuity." The original Treaty of 1903 gave the United States power to act as "if it were sovereign," forever. That "in perpetuity" clause has been the foremost Panamanian bone of contention in the 12-year negotiations. The proposed new treaty will set a termination date, unofficially said to be from 30 to 50 years. At the end of that time period, the Canal and the Zone would come under total jurisdiction of the Republic of Panama. Reagan and other Ford critics have called it an outright "giveaway."

A Senate resolution, S. 97, "Urging retention of undiluted U.S. sovereignty over the Canal Zone and the Panama Canal," was introduced a year ago and now rests before the Foreign Relations Committee. Authored in part by Senator Strom Thurmond (R-S.C.), the resolution condemns the Kissinger-Tack Agreement as "a clear and present danger to the hemispheric security and the successful operation of the canal by the U.S. under its treaty obligations." S. 97 has 37 signatories, more than enough to block any new treaty based on the Kissinger-Tack guidelines.

Advertisements by conservative, pro-Zone groups have appeared with increasing frequency in domestic journals, such as one headlined "Who Wants To Give Away The Panama Canal?" in the *National Observer* of March 23. "Write the President and your representatives in both Houses of Congress" said the ad, "and tell them you expect them to oppose any plan to surrender our jurisdiction, sovereignty or other rights in the Canal Zone."

Paid for by an outfit called Women for Constitutional Government, of Lantana, Fla., the advertisement pointed an arthritic McCarthyite finger at "a study by a group of 'distinguished citizens' who recommended that the Kissinger plan be adopted." The reactionary advertisement clearly implied that the "distinguished citizens" who endorsed the study—among them Sol Linowitz (partner at Coudert Bros.)Elliot Richardson, Andrew Heiskell (chairman of Time-Life), Nicholas Katzenbach (general counsel, IBM), Peter G. Peterson (former secretary of commerce) and William P. Rogers (former secretary of state)—were bent on a course of treason.

Compounding the President's growing campaign predicament, a ranking House minority member of the Panama Canal subcommittee released damning "closed-door" testimony by Ellsworth Bunker, Ford's chief ambassador to the Panama negotiations. Representative Gene Snyder (R-Ky.), a longtime critic of the administration's Panama policy, claimed that Bunker's testimony proved the Ford-Kissinger "'giveaway," in spite of the President's assurances to the contrary:

Bunker: We have been directed to proceed with the negotiations on the basis of the [Kissinger-Tack] guidelines. . . .

Snyder (cutting in): To give it up? To give up the Canal Zone over a period of time?

Bunker: To give up the Canal Zone after a period of time, that is correct.

Snyder: And the canal over a longer period of time?

Bunker: Longer period of time.

Snyder: And what are the directives? Are they written memorandums?

Bunker: The directives are in written memorandum.

Snyder: Signed by the President?

Bunker: Signed by the President.

But Representative Snyder's revelations didn't garner as much press coverage as might have been anticipated, and even before any ripple could be felt, Ford's campaign manager, Rogers Morton, was on the *Today* show, explaining just what it was that the administration was doing with the Panama Canal. Interviewer Tom Brokaw asked:

"Hasn't Reagan forced the President to admit publicly that somewhere down the line, possibly 30 or 50 years from now, the United States will have to give up sovereignty over that canal?"

"Well, I think not during its economic life, though," said Ford's campaign manager. "That's where you're irresponsible, I think, when the implication of Mr. Reagan's remarks is that suddenly we're going to lose the Panama Canal. *The machinery we have for ratifying treaties prevents that.* [Editor's italics.] Two-thirds of the Senate has got to ratify any kind of agreements that are made, and nobody is in a hurry to try and get anything done next Wednesday. . . ."

Incredibly enough, Morton was letting a prized cat out of the bag: Ford and Kissinger, certain the Senate would never ratify the new, "soft-core" and almost equitable treaty, had deliberately gone ahead and offered it to the Panamanians as an up-front pacifier. Promise them anything for '76, keep that lid on the kettle and we'll deal with it later. But in this anniversary season, the Panama Perplex is much more serious and far more explosive than even the crowings from the Ford-Reagan cockfight imply.

"Indochina was such a colossal disaster," editorialized Carl Rowan in the *New York Post* of April 21, "that most of us surely think Venezuela's President Carlos Andres Perez was indulging in hyperbole when he told me in October '75 that the Panama Canal issue could become a greater U.S. tragedy than Vietnam. But the more I listen to Reagan and the Colonel Blimps of the Senate, the more I sense that Perez was right."

Rooted in the acquisitive egomania of twentieth century imperialism, watered and pruned by the Department of Defense, this bad seed may flower as hot as Vietnam, and it might be even worse if only because it is so much closer to home: Panama could be the United States' Waterloo, the premature end to what Henry Luce termed "The American Century."

"In Perpetuity"—A Bone in the Throat

"Listen, the real story behind the Panama Canal is worse than Watergate." The fat man is emphatic. He's warming up for our interview, ignoring his lunch as we sit in the coffee shop of El Ejecutivo Hotel in Panama City. It's two weeks before Christmas '75, but this will not be an exuberantly festive season: gasoline is up to a dollar a gallon, pressures with the U.S. over the Canal are building and the Torrijos regime is trying to balance mounting internal problems with the continuing external struggle for Panama's full sovereignty over the Zone. The fat man doesn't want to talk of local anguish, but of the Panama Canal, mythic grail of the Isthmian people:

"Not only was there diplomatic scandal in those first days, but financial as well. And 99 percent of your American newsmen have been misinformed about Panama, so think about that when you're writing this article."

Jorge Carrasco is a Panamanian broadcast journalist. When I was a kid growing up there, his *Noticiero Nacional* newsreels were shown in Panama City movie houses, ten-minute black and white clips of local color narrated in Carrasco's Walter Winchell machine-gun Spanish.

Currently, he is the anchorman of RPC-TV's evening news—you could call the man Panama's Walter Cronkite.

I'd made the faux pas of starting the interview by asking about the heavy censorship of the press under Torrijos' government. "Never mind that," Carrasco says with a wave of his hamlike right hand, "let's talk about the facts. The trouble began in 1904, with the unilateral decisions of the United States to impose its police, courts, post office and general customs within our republic. Washington deliberately created a state within a state. And then your President Roosevelt tried to cover it up by ordering Secretary Taft to come to Panama and tell the people, 'It is not the intention of the U.S. to create a state within a state.' And now, 72 years later, we still have foreign armies, foreign police and customs operating a separate state within our country."

A country created by the United States. The decision to strike for independence from Colombia was more crucial to the interests of the United States and its proposed canal than it was to the Panamanian revolutionists themselves. In 1902-03, the U.S. and Colombia had

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negotiated a treaty that would allow the Americans to buy up the French-owned rights to the route across Colombia's province of Panama. Secretary of State John Hay and Colombian Minister Tomas Herran had devised the Hay-Herran Treaty. For $10 million down and $250,000 annually thereafter, the Americans would have rights to construct and administer the canal where the French had failed so miserably.

But to the surprise of the U.S. Senate, their Bogota counterparts refused to ratify the Hay-Herran Treaty — the Colombians wanted more than $10 million. Teddy Roosevelt's rage was heard from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other:

"At present, I feel that there are two alternatives," he wrote to Secretary Hay two months before the Panamanian revolt from Colombia in the fall of 1903: "(1) Take up the Nicaragua Route, (2) interfere in some way or shape when it becomes necessary so as to secure the Panama route without further dealings with the foolish and homicidal corruptionists in Bogota. I am inclined to have no further dealings whatever with those Bogota people."

"And then there was Mr. Philippe Bunau-Varilla." Jorge Carrasco pronounces the Frenchman's name the way most Panamanians do, as a curse. "This man was a lobbyist in New York and Washington. He represented the French company that had failed; in fact, he'd been one of its principal engineers. When it was certain that the Hay-Herran Treaty wasn't going through, Bunau-Varilla and a New York attorney named Cromwell went about encouraging the Panamanians to revolt, form their own country. So that Bunau-Varilla could then make the new canal deal with Washington."

As the liaison man between the Panamanian revolutionaries and the Americans, Bunau-Varilla demanded credentials to negotiate the new treaty. He arranged for the financing and simultaneously assured the provisional revolutionary government of Panama that the U.S. would protect them with gunboats on the day of their revolt.

"I have prepared the program of military operations for you," the Frenchman cabled the Panamanians, "the Declaration of Independence, a base for your constitution, and finally a code with which to correspond with me. . . . It will be necessary to entrust me with the diplomatic representation of your new republic at Washington." The Frenchman knew what he wanted.

"Ha! Do you think the Panamanian founding fathers trusted Bunau-Varilla for one minute?" Carrasco asks the rhetorical question with a stab of his fork. "But he had the cards of entry to Roosevelt's house in Oyster Bay, Long Island. And what was worse, Bunau-Varilla ended up writing the damn treaty by himself. The original agreement with Colombia in the Hay-Herran Treaty called for a *99-year lease by the Americans.* When the Frenchman wrote the treaty for the Panamanians, he substituted the words 'in perpetuity' instead of '99 years.' Do you know that the very concept of 'perpetuity' does not exist in the field of international law?" Carrasco's indignation is echoed constantly by Panamanians.

The actual coup of November 3, 1903, aside from being financed by Wall Street and Paris interests, succeeded because Teddy Roosevelt ordered his two prized gunboats, the *Nashville* and the *Dixie*, to get on down to Panama and cover both sides of the Isthmus: TR's instructions were bold-faced:

"What you Americans must realize is that the treaty was signed under the most irregular and unacceptable conditions. In less than 15 days, the treaty was signed by an American and a Frenchman. Not one Panamanian read the document before it was initialed"

"Prevent the landing of any armed force, either government [Colombian] or insurgent, with hostile intent at any point within 50 miles of Panama. If doubtful as to the intention of any armed force, occupy Ancon Hill strongly with artillery."

Without the American Navy and Marines, as every Panamanian schoolboy knows and hates to admit, Panama would never have come into existence as an "independent" nation. The original treaty, amended in 1936 and 1955, called on the United States to guarantee Panama's independence — how ironic that the "protection" the U.S. offered the republic in 1903 would eventually form the links of its bondage.

But the treaty signed by Bunau-Varilla and Secretary Hay was ratified by both countries: the Panamanians had little choice. If they refused, the United States would leave them to the mercy of the Colombians. One month before the U.S. Senate ratification, Hay wrote to Senator John C. Spooner:

"As it now stands, as soon as the Senate votes, we shall have a treaty in the main very satisfactory, vastly advantageous to the United States, and we must confess, with what face we can muster, not so advantageous to Panama." With what face we can muster. . . .

"What you Americans must realize," Carrasco says, "is that the treaty was signed under the most irregular and unacceptable conditions, conditions that could never happen today. In less than 15 days, the treaty was signed by an American and a Frenchman. Not one Panamanian read the document before it was initialed. So two foreigners decided the fate of our country." And the perpetuity clause has stuck like a bone in the throats of the Panamanians ever since.

Aside from the scandal of the original treaty arrangement, and their feelings that they have never shared equitably in the revenues of the Canal on their property, Panamanians also have an intense antagonism to the military entrenchment of the U.S. Armed Forces Southern Command in the Canal Zone. There are some 14 bases, Army, Navy and Air Force, complete with underground tunnels, landing fields and the latest communications hardware. U.S. military personnel in the Zone (uniformed, civilian and dependents) number over 27,000, in addition to the "invisible" military personnel such as the CIA and other intelligence divisions. In such a homey atmosphere ("It's practically American soil," they say), the CIA operates one of its largest and most active bases. The capture and execution of Che Guevara in Bolivia was totally supervised by CIA men flown in from Panama.

In the Canal Zone, U.S. Armed Forces SOUTHCOM also trains Latin soldiers and officers at its School of the Americas. Counter-insurgency, jungle and guerrilla warfare, as well as interrogation techniques, are part of the curriculum, and the school specializes in diplomas for dictators. Gen. Augusto "The Butcher" Pinochet of Chile is a grad, as are members of the current ruling juntas of Ecuador and Peru. Panama's "Maximum Leader of Government" (a title he wrote for himself in the Constitution of 1972), Omar Torrijos is also a product of the U.S. Army's special academy. The School of the Americas has "trained" over 25,000 Latins since its inception in 1949.

The Panamanians claim that such an oversized armed camp, whose materiel

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investment is said to range between $14 and $18 billion, is hardly intrinsic to the defense of the Panama Canal as originally prescribed in the Treaty of 1903. The U.S. has created a powerful military and political stronghold within the heart of the Americas, and the Panamanians resent the fact that it is on their soil. More than 60 percent of the land occupied in the Canal Zone is under U.S. military jurisdiction. Only 3 percent is used in the operation of the Canal and the surrounding civilian townships. What is more offensive to Panamanians is that over 25 percent of the land in the Zone is *unused*—at a time when the principal cities of Panama and Colon are desperate for space to expand. But the Canal Zone is an extremely choice piece of real estate, financially and militarily. Aside from the U.S. base at Guantanamo, Cuba, the Canal Zone operation is the Pentagon's only serious mission in the Americas, located at one of the most strategic spots in the Western Hemisphere. Whatever concessions are made in any new interoceanic treaty between the countries, the military bases of the Canal Zone will be the last to go—if ever.

"The Land Divided/The World United"

As the child of American citizens residing in Panama City, I had the "privilege" of attending elementary and high schools in the Zone, staffed by American teachers; about 30 percent of the students were the offspring of civilian Canal Zone employees, 60 percent were American military dependents and the other 10 percent included children of politically connected Panamanians and gringos like myself who resided in the republic proper. But it was a twisted predicament for me—educated by the colonialists, my sympathies always lay where I lived, among the colonized.

Ancon Elementary School still sits comfortably on one of the borders between Panama City and the American-operated Canal Zone. But the "border" is no more than a busy commercial boulevard (on the Panama side), formerly known as Fourth of July Avenue, now called *Avenida de los Martires* in honor of the 20 Panamanians who died in the '64 violence. This boulevard has seen lots of action: skirmishes between Panamanian students foraying into the Zone to plant their *banderitas*, as well as all-out urban rioting with snipers and Molotov cocktails pitted against well-armed U.S. infantrymen. In the Flag War of '64, a brand new $1.5 million Pan Am Airways building on the boulevard was totaled: mostly glass, the six-story flat-iron affair had the unfortunate luck of being situated at one of the main arteries leading from Panama into the Canal Zone.

The "riots" were a repetitive feature of life in the Republic of Panama, regular as the change from rainy season to dry. Periodic marches and strikes, as well as vandalism by angry Panamanians against American property in both Panama City and the Canal Zone, marked the headlines of my childhood. There was something permanently disgruntled in the Panamanian soul, but I never really understood it when I was 11.

For at least a decade, my sister and I and a small group of other kids living in Panama City shuttled between two worlds: in the early morning, as our old *chiva* made its way through the neighborhoods of Panama City picking up passengers, we heard the song of the *panadero*, the bread man calling his wares to housewives and maids, the whining of newspaper trucks and street-hawkers with the morning's *Critica!*, lottery vendors setting up their stands and the cranking wail of the city's aging public conveyances artfully decorated with last year's Christmas tinsel and portraits of Jane Russell next to Jesus the Christ. By noon of the day, the whole swirling image of Panama City would be boiling like a caldron under the tropical sun, pulsating to the rhythms of *cumbias* and calypsos.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HINDI DIAMOND

Prelude to a riot, 1964: Zone cops and Panamanians face off on the avenue dividing the American strip from the republic.

But once you crossed that old Fourth of July border into the Canal Zone, the reality of life in the bubbling heart of a small Central American capital city (read: volcano) would come to an abrupt end. On the U.S. side of the border there exists a visual calm produced by the questionable magic of uniformity: the Canal Zone is a controlled environment, a socio-political laboratory "culture."

The American enclave in Panama is now and has always been a "one-company town." The Panama Canal Company is a private corporation whose sole stockholder is the secretary of the army, as representative of the owner, the President of the United States. (Until he was appointed as President Ford's campaign manager, Howard "Bo" Callaway held this position.) The governor of the Zone, a presidential appointee, wears the civilian seersucker uniform, but by tradition he most always is a two or three star general in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. The governor is responsible for the administration of the Canal Zone government, which has its own U.S. federal district court, and the governor is also a principal on the "private" Panama Canal Company board of directors. Down there they like to say that the governor "wears two hats."

The long-term "lease" situation—that "in perpetuity" clause again—has perforce prompted the uniformity of Canal Zone life and customs. The Panama Canal Company constructs, maintains, owns and operates all (civilian) building in the Zone—offices, commissary stores, schools, bowling alleys, restaurants and theaters, as well as "private" residences and bachelor housing. Since there is neither private ownership nor construction, the various towns of the Canal Zone—Ancon, Balboa, Cristobal—are remarkably similar in architecture, layout and grounds.

The colonial feel of the place is something of a Mendelian hybrid between the comfort and protection of a genteel community college somewhere in the Deep South and the confined regularity of a military reservation. The cleanliness and compulsive order of life in the Zone is in shocking contrast to the colorful jumble of Panama City, product of so many cultures and peoples.

On the main floor of the Balboa High School, where I was enrolled for two years, there was an inlaid plaque, three feet in diameter of solid bronze, a replica of the Canal Zone seal and its inspired motto: "The Land Divided/The World United."

Obviously a reference to the maritime convenience provided by the American-built Canal, this motto always seemed to me a cynic's code that offered a clue to the Panama problem: the land was divided by the digging of the Big

Ditch, the terrestrial deflowering. Then came the establishment of the Canal Zone, a strip within the heart of the Isthmus that divides the Republic of Panama into two parts, creating a stilted microcosm of North American life within the core of a Central American republic. And in spite of this wonderful system of dichotomies, the world never did get "united."

Yes, America's answer to the Great Pyramids heralded the American Century: aside from the incredible task of dynamiting and digging out the 50-mile slit, through the tortuous jungles of madness and disease, the very construction of the six locked bays through which the ships are lowered and raised changed the face of our planet in more ways than one. Time would be saved in world transit, the world would be made smaller by the Panama Canal. It was almost McLuhanesque. The need for such an avenue between the two oceans was brought home to the U.S. back in 1898 during the Spanish-American War. The battleship *Oregon*, out of San Francisco, was ordered to join the Atlantic Fleet for engagements in the Caribbean. The vessel had to go some 13,000 miles around the tip of South America in order to get from the Pacific to the Atlantic. With a canal somewhere in Central America—Panama and Nicaragua were the preferred routes—the trip would have taken one-third the time and distance. (Official figures show that close to 70 percent of our traffic to and from Vietnam went through the Panama Canal at one point.) And the need has not diminished, even though super-tankers have gotten so big that many are now too wide to go through it. Studies are under way to conceivably widen the existing series of locks.

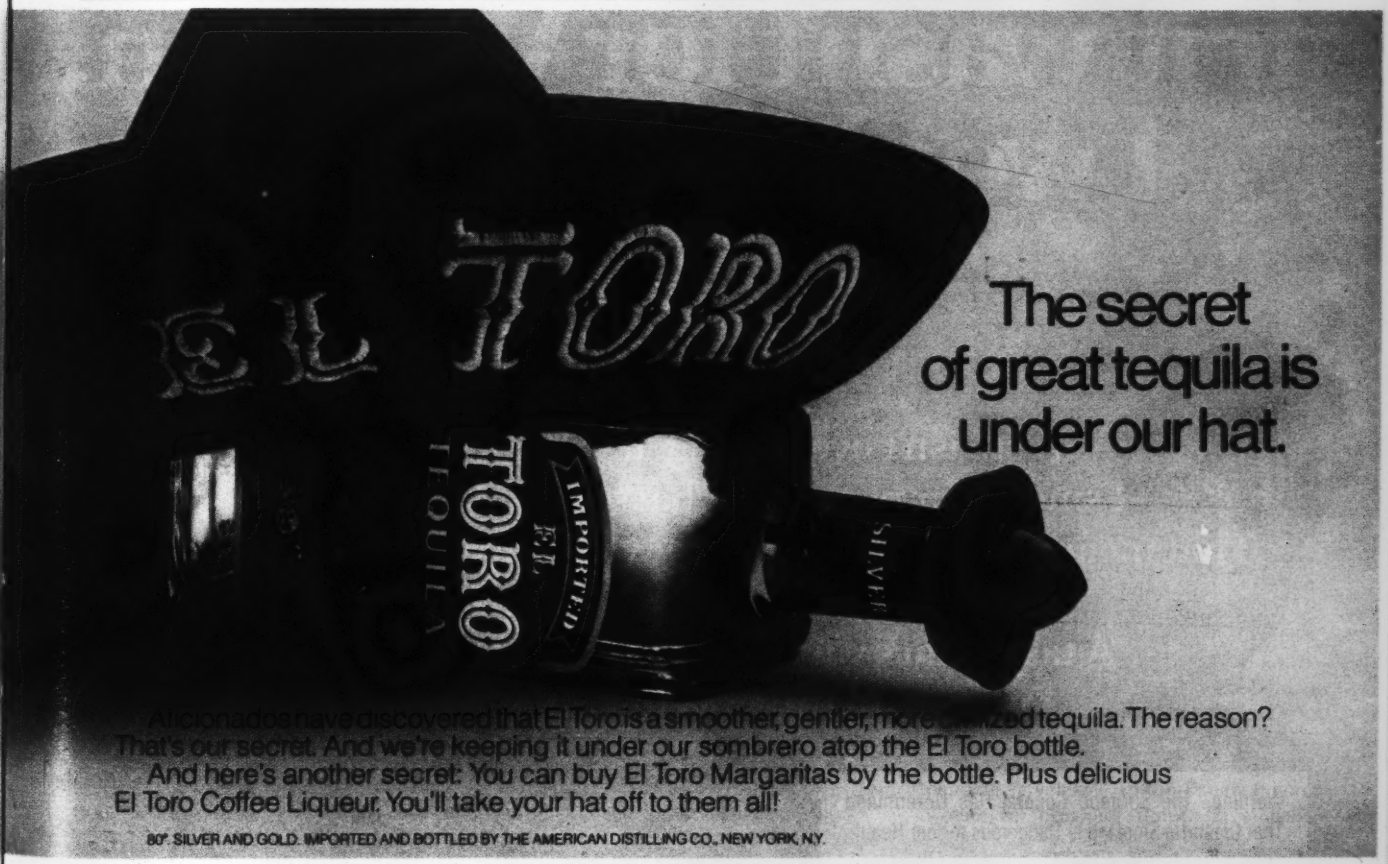
Frank Baldwin, head of public information for the Panama Canal Company, graciously provided me with his official staff car and chauffeur for a closer inspection of the Miraflores Locks, located near Balboa. We drove in air-conditioned silence past Albrook Air Force base, past the neat civilian communities of Diablo, Corozal, and the U.S. infantry's setup at Ft. Clayton, a veritable stone's throw from the Miraflores Locks.

Two vessels were transiting the locks that day, a huge U.S. cargo ship, the *Nanny*, and a much smaller ship, the *Cuba*, flying the flag of that nation. A slight drizzle blanketed the small cluster of tourists witnessing the marvel of this transoceanic avenue.

"Look at that Cuban ship." The Canal Zone cop speaks in a voice that could have come from Anywhere, U.S.A., though if you were to meet a Zonian in the U.S. and try to place him by accent alone, you'd fail; the Zonian tenor is bland, as if vocal inflection itself had been blanched out by too much sun and government service overseas. "You think the Cubans or the Panamanians are interested in keeping the Canal neutral? You gotta say that for the U.S., we've kept it open to everybody and his brother. If they controlled it, any time those guys wanted, they'd raise the tolls. And something else—do you know what kind of 24-hour-a-day maintenance this thing requires? Ha. The locks will rust up in the first year after the Panamanians are running it! But I'll tell you one more thing—" the cop turns and points to a series of green fields known as Fort Clayton, and dotted with so many U.S. Army barrack buildings they look like toy forts on the banks of the Panama Canal—"with that there, nobody can tell us how to run this thing."

Bunker Diplomacy

As my cab approaches the American Embassy on Boulevar Balboa, I remark to myself how odd it was that in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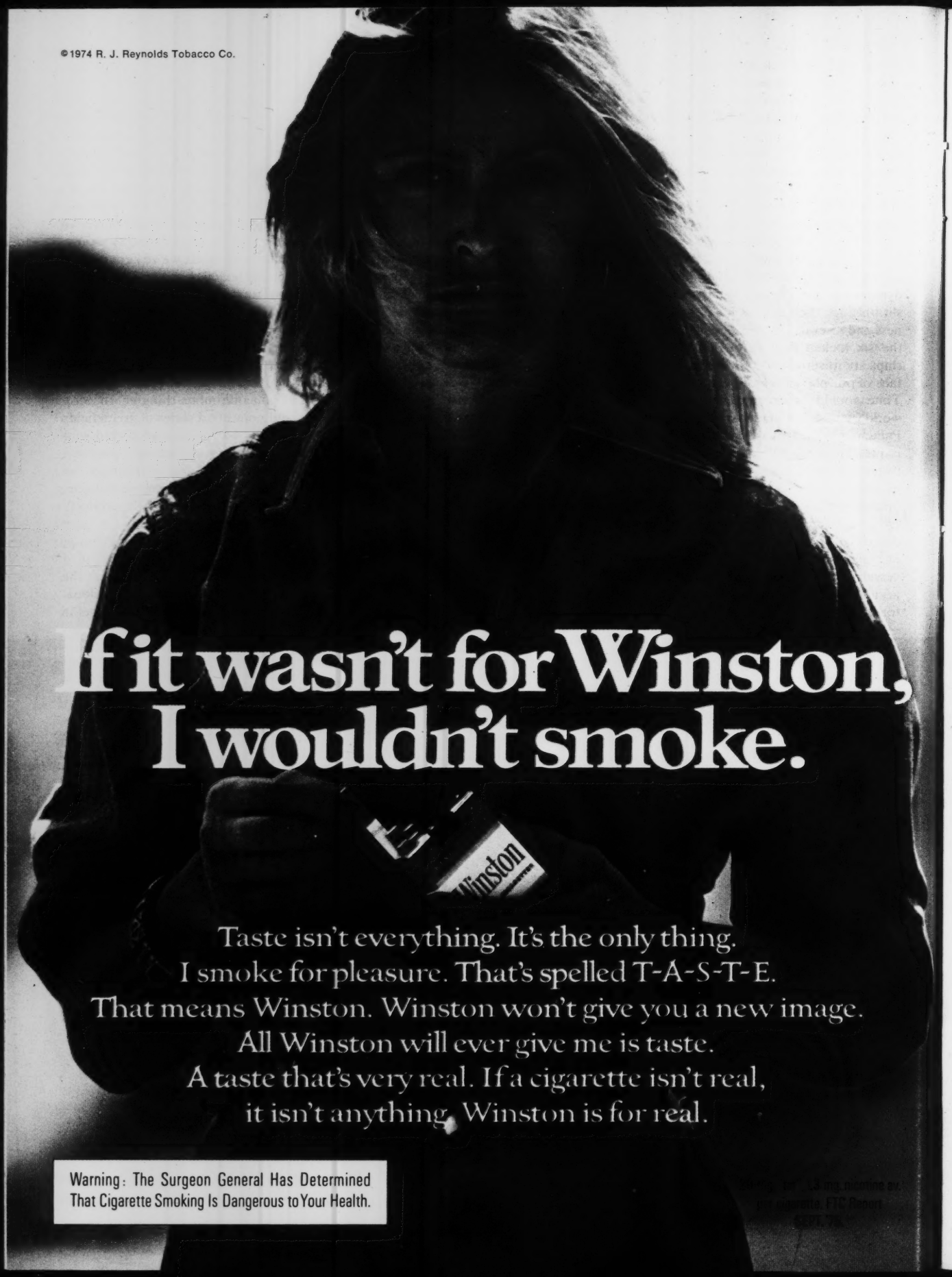
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the 17 years I'd lived in Panama, I'd never once been inside the embassy.

The five-story building, square and nondescript save for the official American seal on the small portico columns, looks out over the Bay of Panama with a sweeping view of the Isthmian rim of the Pacific. From its windows you can see the memorial statue of Balboa, conquistador helmet tilted up toward the sun, and with his sword, grip-end upraised so as to form a crucifix, Balboa proclaims Queen Isabella sovereign over this body of water.

I pay the driver his fare, and as I enter the embassy I remember the many times angry Panamanians hurled cans of Chinese-red paint against Washington's branch office so that on contact the paint bombs left long, blood-looking streaks against the otherwise greying cement. The signature of these revolutionary street artists was usually the classic "Yankee Go Home," or occasionally the one word "*Assesinos.*" But there are no telltale scars of these past violations; in fact, the old fortress looks almost spiffy. And impenetrable, too.

"As far as the threat of violence here in Panama is concerned," Undersecretary of Embassy Steve May is explaining in his best Georgetown monotone, "I'd have to say yes. . . and no." I'd asked him of the reports that quoted chief negotiator Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker as saying that the threat of guerrilla warfare existed in Panama: "Ambassador Bunker did not say 'guerrilla warfare,' he said 'conflict,' " Steve May admonishes.

"Panama is not Vietnam, and it definitely should not be considered as such. In Asia we were fighting a real war, a hot war, but that's hardly the case here, nor is it going to be. In Panama, it's more a matter of unrestrained individuals, mob violence, that sort of thing. If there is violence over the current Canal negotiations, it won't be violence against the Panama Canal itself, but against the Canal Zone. The Panamanians are intent on gaining control of the Canal, so they wouldn't want to sabotage its operation.

"You see, the riots of 1964 showed conclusively that the Panamanian people are unable to accept the conditions of the Treaty of 1903. As you may recall, President Johnson committed the U.S. to negotiate an entirely new treaty that would recognize Panamanian sovereignty over the Canal Zone. The Panamanians have always felt that we negotiate from strength, for a conservative position. But this is changing."

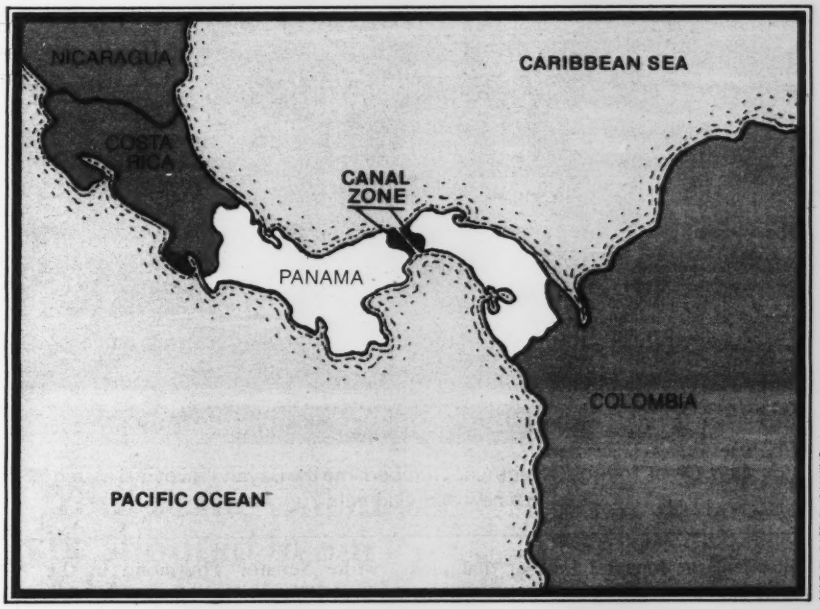
"Did you get a copy of the Kissinger-Tack Agreement in your information kit?" the embassy man asks, and I nod. I'd read the document, signed in February 1974, and although the so-called Eight-Point Agreement is nothing more than "guidelines" in principal, it is "compromising" enough to curdle any jingoistic American patriot's blood.

According to the document signed by the U.S. secretary of state, the new treaty will abrogate completely the previous 1903 treaty. The concept of perpetuity will be eliminated. The new treaty will have a fixed termination date: according to one source, it will be from 30 to 50 years, at the end of which time U.S. jurisdiction over the Canal Zone will cease. Panama will grant to the U.S. "for the duration of the new interoceanic canal treaty and in accordance with what the treaty states, the rights to use lands, water, air space which may be necessary for the operation, maintenance, protection and defense of the canal and the transit of ships." Also as part of the agreement, Panama "shall have a just and equitable share of the benefits derived from the operation of the canal in its territory. It is recognized that the geographic position of its territory constitutes the principal resource of the Republic of Panama."

Most important, the Eight-Point Agreement states that the "treaty shall also provide that Panama will assume total responsibility for the operation of the canal upon the termination of the treaty." While it is true that 74 percent of the Canal's operating force today is composed of Panamanian citizens, the suggestion that Panama will be running the Canal entirely is a drastic change from previous administration guidelines.

"Isn't this Kissinger-Tack document a radical departure from earlier U.S. policy of no negotiations on the sovereignty issue?"

"The face of the globe is changing," May says, annoyed by my surprize. "Our government is most interested in reaching an agreement acceptable to both parties. I don't feel that the Panamanians are anti-American per se, and surely you who've lived here can verify that. But we have a responsibility to Panama, and to the *naciones en via del desarollo*—we no longer use the term 'underdeveloped'—and the rest of Latin America is following the Panama Canal issue very closely. Needless to say, it's a touchy situation."



MAP BY PATRICK CALKINS

Back in September, three months before my visit to Panama, John Blacken, another embassy official, addressed a packed crowd of Zonians at the Balboa High School auditorium. The meeting had been called to familiarize the American residents of the Canal Zone with the innuendos of the Kissinger-Tack Agreement, and to keep them generally informed as to the proceedings of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and the negotiating teams. As residents of the Canal Zone, Blacken's audience had more at stake than embassy officials—they are employees of a corporation that may go out of business, and many of the Zonians are second or third generation born who've never known any other home than the sinecure of Canal Zone life. It must've been a hell of an evening, for the text of Blacken's speech, which attempted to calm Zonian fears of the impending "giveaway" to the Panamanians, would in previous times have been

justified cause for a lynching.

"Nothing in the 1903 treaty or its amendments" Blacken said, "indicates that Panama ever ceded the Canal Zone to the United States. Under international law, the Canal Zone is regarded as Panamanian territory under U.S. jurisdiction. To refuse to acknowledge that the Zone is Panamanian territory is to avoid reality. . . ."

A friend of mine who lives in Panama attended the meeting and reported that during the question-and-answer period, a Canal Zone matron stood up and said: "You know, Mr. Blacken, the longer I look at that pink shirt of yours, the redder it gets."

WIDE WORLD

Gen. Omar Torrijos (foreground) jumped into the Bayano River last March to celebrate a new dam built with Yugoslav help.

Back in my hotel room, I peruse a recent speech given by Ambassador-at-Large Bunker, a talk on Dec. 5, 1975, before the World Affairs Council in L.A., heart of Reagan country. In spite of the fact that Panama is not (yet) Vietnam, it's no coincidence that Nixon appointed our former ambassador to Saigon as chief Canal negotiator.

"Unless we succeed, I believe that Panama's consent to our presence will continue to decline—at an ever more rapid rate. Some form of conflict in Panama would seem virtually certain—and it would be the kind of conflict which would be costly for all concerned."

Suddenly it comes to me: *Bunker Diplomacy*. As opposed to Gunboat Diplomacy. Instead of hot little wars, build bunkers, diplomatic, financial, psychological trenches that can be restructured, or fortified, when needed. Or even abandoned.

The Kissinger-Tack Agreement is one such bunker: while apparently equitable and well-intentioned in its outer trappings, the eight-point "guidelines" for final treaty negotiations may ultimately have little bearing on the finished product. Regardless of what action or proclamations President Ford and his State Department may make on the matter, ultimate ratification will have to take place on the floor of the U.S. Senate: "In consultations with members of Congress before signing the statement, Dr. Kissinger and his Chief Negotiator Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker were advised that surrender of U.S. sovereignty in the Canal Zone was not a negotiable item," wrote Senator Thurmond in the *New York Times*, May 7, 1974. "They apparently chose to ignore this advice."

Torrijos: Man with the Key to the Panama Perplex

"Seventy years of colonialism; ten years of negotiations; five years of nationalist revolution. Result? No hits, no errors, no runs."

—Gen. Omar Torrijos Herrera

"The military dictatorship of Omar Torrijos was scrupulously clean its first two years in office," an American businessman, with a quarter-century's experience in Panama City, tells me, "but after those first two years, the graft and corruption which have always been a fact of life here returned. The bribery and the nepotism of the oligarchs who've controlled Panama in the past gave way to this new kind. Instead of the old aristocrats putting their cousins and nephews and God knows who all on the *botella*, the federal boondoggle, now it is the relatives and *cunados* of the military men. The guys in charge of the Guardia Nacional today are different from the ones in the past, a different breed, mainly from the lower-middle and lower classes. And since they're in power, they bring a totally different perspective to Panama, and to the Canal issue."

Due to the current tensions of life under the military regime, a mild one by Latin American standards, the businessman, like many of the other people I spoke with on my two-week winter visit, asks that I do not identify him. He lights a Havana-made H. Upmann cigar, one of the side-benefits of Panama's increased trade with Cuba, and asks a second time for assurance that I won't use his name in the article.

"Torrijos was a young lieutenant colonel in the Guard, but he was executive secretary to then-chief Col. Bolivar Vallarino. Torrijos had worked his way up, took training at a military college in El Salvador, then attended the Zone's School of the Americas. Yes, that's the one for counter-insurgency and guerrilla warfare. But as executive secretary, Torrijos knew where everything was, where the Guard's troops were stationed, the communications channels, etc.

"In 1968, Dr. Arnulfo Arias was elected for a third time. He'd been president twice before, and was twice deposed from office, '41 and '51. Arias was, and still is, very popular with the masses in Panama, but he was never in harmony with the regular aristocratic system. Except in '68. Suddenly everyone was behind him and he won the election by a landslide. Elections, you understand, are normally fixed here in Panama, especially against Arnulfo Arias. But they didn't seem to fix that one.

"The first thing Arias wanted to do when he took office on October 1 was to put his own people in charge of the Guardia, ignoring the regular hierarchy. The Guardia Nacional had twice thrown him out of office, and he wasn't going to let it happen a third time.

"Torrijos and two other young Guardia lieutenants who were slated to be bounced moved on the presidencia on October 11, taking over the building while Dr. Arias was attending a cocktail reception. No shots were fired. Arias drove his own car into the Zone, where he demanded political asylum and guns, American assistance to recapture his own government from the military junta. But the Americans refused. Arias has been in Miami for the last seven and a half years, and Torrijos has been running Panama

ever since."

The humid rain of December is splashing against the window of the office where we're sitting. Through his intercom, the businessman orders coffee from his secretary. He waits until she has delivered the two steaming cups and has closed the door behind her before continuing with his version of Panama politics today:

"There was a third man in Torrijos' junta, Boris Martinez, who by the way was an acknowledged communist. He was said to be the brains behind the revolt, while Torrijos was the guts. But two months or so after the takeover, and I guess it was on the advice of our government, Torrijos had Martinez taken at gunpoint to Tocumen Airport and put on a plane. He's now pumping gas in Miami." Panamanians are notoriously easy-going on their opponents. Unlike the bloody reprisals in other Latin American countries, exile, rather than execution, has been the custom in rapid changeovers of government. In Panama they call Miami *Valle de los Caidos*, Valley of the Fallen.

The man who holds the key to the future of the Panama Perplex was born 47 years ago in the sugar- and rice-growing province of Veraguas. Gen. Omar Torrijos' regime has been characterized as "left-leaning" and he himself described as a would-be Fidel Castro.

Torrijos is not Fidel Castro, though he is certainly as nationalistic, if not more so. Unlike Castro, Torrijos comes from a poor family. This is his first crack at being a rich man, and it isn't an easy thing to pass up. The rumor is that he owns Batista's castle in Spain, that he's the second-richest man in Central America after Tacho Somoza of Nicaragua—and the Somoza family has been in power at least 30 years, where Torrijos has been at it for only six. Since coming to power in 1968, Torrijos has nationalized the telephone and telegraph systems, formerly subsidiaries of U.S. interests.

By the middle of this year, Panama will in effect have nationalized its banana plantations and packaging plants, leaving the once omnipotent United Brands Company only the marketing and transportation.

"I won't say specifically that Torrijos has been bad for business." The American merchant pauses to tap his cigar ash nervously into a silver tray. "But business in Panama has turned absolutely sour in the past three years. Gasoline prices now verge on a dollar a gallon. The big construction boom that started four years ago has come to a complete halt.

ADVICE AND DISSENT

Scientists in the Political Arena

Joel Primack and Frank von Hippel

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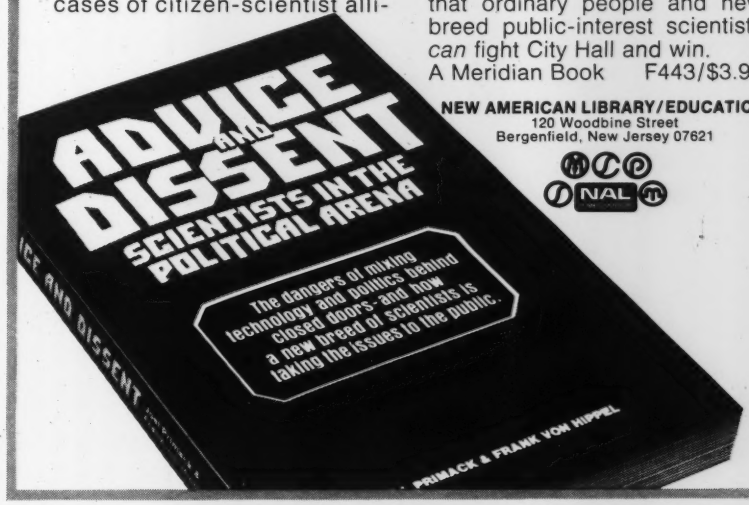
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The government here is going bankrupt and is, as usual, depending on the U.S. and the international banking community to bail them out. But it may not work.

"Sure, he's surrounded himself with astute technocrats, some of them younger than the men who ran Panama in the past. They're hoping to exploit recent copper discoveries in the western part of the country said to be worth over 2 billion tons of ore. But it's going to take a couple of years before that mining provides any copper. In the meantime, the U.S. government has been spending a fortune to keep the present government afloat. One report says that more American money has been pumped into Panama since Torrijos came to power in 1968 than in all the 65 years before that put together."

In late January of this year, ten Panamanian business leaders were exiled from the country for making a public declaration criticizing the government's handling of rice deals with Cuba. At a time when the Panamanian rice crop had been afflicted with a drought, Torrijos flew to Havana and arranged a rice sale at below world market prices. The rice-growers and the bankers who'd backed their crops were outraged and planned a march on the capital. Gen. Torrijos had the leaders picked up: one of them, the executive officer of the Chase Manhattan Bank, refused to leave his post, and so Guardia officers lifted the very swivel chair in which he sat and carried him bodily out of the bank. The ten were put on a plane for Ecuador. The Chamber of Commerce (APEDE) reacted vehemently, calling for a national shutdown of all commerce until the exiles were returned. Torrijos retaliated by ordering all workers to go to their places of employment and, if closed, to open them and run them, regardless of what the owners said.

On the flip side, the military government has made some inroads in its domestic problems—educational facilities as well as the literacy rate have increased since the 1968 changeover. New low-cost government housing is in evidence, though disputed by some as being hardly sufficient to deal with the problem. A famous shantytown called "Hollywood" has now been replaced with three 20-story apartment units, a joint venture between the government and its controlled labor *syndicato*. Since he is originally a native of the provinces, Torrijos has attempted to help *interioranos*, bringing water facilities to villages that never had them and trying to revitalize Panama's agricultural endeavors. Road and building construction had been advancing until the economic strains of the past year brought it to a virtual halt. In 1970, Torrijos introduced a new banking law, designed to attract foreign banking operations, but while more than 70 foreign houses have opened branches in Panama, little of the money actually stays in the republic.

"*Mi mujer* goes to the university on a scholarship because of the Torrijos government," my cabbie says on the way out to the airport. "We've gotten money from the *gobienno* to pay for day care for the *ninos*, and in three months she will graduate and become a *maestra*. Not one person in her family or in mine ever went to the *universidad* before. So if you are asking me, Lucho Torres, what I think of this regime, I have to say it's the best anyone in my family can remember."

At the moment, the U.S., and particularly Gerry Ford, needs Omar Torrijos more than he needs them. For one thing, a military strongman, even a left-leaning, nationalistic one, can keep the dissident and communist elements in line. For another, and more important, if an equitable treaty can be arrived at while Torrijos is still at the helm, there will be no Panamanian "congress" to have to ratify it—one man makes the decision, period.

The alliances Torrijos has forged with the other nations of Latin America are strong and serious. He has convinced them, and rightly so, that the Panama struggle is not only his, but theirs as well

"Washington is doing all it can to force me to marry Fidel Castro," Gen. Torrijos said in a rare interview given to Panama City's daily *Star and Herald:* "I realize that the first duty of the North American President is to get himself re-elected. We've set 1977 as our goal, but patience has its limits. . . . Sometimes I don't know what there is about North American politics to put up with so much infantility."

Torrijos knows the power game well. He's managed to stay in office for eight years straight, longer than any other Panamanian leader in history— the country has had 37 presidents in 73 years. And the general is a lot more savvy than his critics admit: in 1972 he ordered the government to stop accepting the $250,000 annuity which the U.S. pays for "rent" on the Canal Zone, claiming that the payments only served to legitimize a treaty that the Panamanians do not accept as valid. Simultaneously, his regime has accepted more money in U.S. aid in its eight years than the sum total of all aid to Panama in the years 1946-68 when the U.S. program was first initiated.

The alliances Torrijos has forged with the other nations of Latin America are strong and they are serious. He has convinced them, and rightly so, that the Panama struggle is not only his but theirs as well. "The extreme left here supports Reagan," Torrijos told the *Star and Herald*, referring to Panama's radicals always desirous of a skirmish with the U.S. infantry: "He likes to fight. No solutions, just fighting, Vietnam, Viet Cong, guerrillas, power. Reagan's kind lives off the problem, instead of looking for the solution.

"The American people are celebrating their Bicentennial, but they have a colonial enclave here just like when they were a colony. But when they realize the real situation, I think they will be deeply ashamed."

So the Panama time bomb ticks on, louder and louder.

But an explosion? Consider this:

The Atlantic-Pacific Interoceanic Canal Study Commission, established by the U.S. Congress and funded to the tune of approximately $24 million, has been studying the feasibility of a new, sea-level canal in four possible routes, only two of which would be through Panama.

"A new sea level canal could be built at a comparatively moderate cost if nuclear explosives rather than conventional methods were used for the excavation," writes Lawrence Ealy in his book *Yanqui Politics and the Isthmian Canal*. "Engineers favor a route through the sparsely populated Darien Province south of the present canal in Panama and the cost is estimated at one billion dollars. This is a rather modest cost for such a tremendous feat. The main engineering problem would be the safe use of atomic energy so as not to endanger the people and property.

"Over a two to three year period approximately 300 nuclear devices would be exploded. Several would be linked in single shots and the total number of detonations would range between fourteen and twenty-one. Engineers estimate a total of 166.4 megatons needed to carve out the canal. This is about 8,320 times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb."

Needless to say, such a series of explosions might not only create the new sea-level canal but might also get rid of the Panama problem once and for all. ●

Berkeley at the barricades

One city's raging battle over traffic control

By Roger Rapoport

Guerrillas roam the city in surplus army weapons carriers, trucks and old cars, fortified with axes, crowbars, gasoline and even small incendiary devices. So far there have been more than 200 attacks, with some installations hit more than 20 times apiece. In recent weeks the saboteurs, working under cover of night, have struck strategic units on virtually a daily basis. Authorities are at a loss to stop the violence; city crews have been physically attacked while trying to repair the damage. Berkeley leaders work overtime trying to pacify outraged citizens, some of whom are convinced they're fighting "part of the conspiratorial regional government plan which eventually hopes to control all of the world's people."

Bigger than the Free Speech Movement, more divisive than People's Park, this issue is one that has turned the entire community into a battleground. Berkeley—the enlightened college town that can bus students successfully, elect a city council dominated by women and minorities, give city funds to tenants organizing committees and make International Women's Day a school holiday—has fallen apart over automobile congestion. At issue is a $650,000 traffic management plan intended to force motorists from neighborhood streets onto main arterials, largely by means of a controversial network of street barriers.

The new system, designed by expensive consultants with the blessing of neighborhood groups, was implemented last August, after three years of planning, for a trial period that will end in late May. By installing diverters, chokers that narrow intersection widths, traffic circles and stop signs, planners have given many areas the kind of cul-de-sacs, offset intersections and narrow, winding streets that are routinely used to discourage through traffic in new subdivisions.

But residents used to many years of shortcutting through Berkeley's old gridiron street system are now determined to dismantle the heart of this experimental program. Some 200 vigilante attacks have cost the city thousands of dollars for repairs on trashed diverters. And a more serious challenge looms on the electoral front. Irate drivers have put a diverter recall initiative on the June 8 ballot. If passed, the measure would require the city to remove 56 of its 63 diverters and would outlaw future installation of such devices.

Unlike previous Berkeley confrontations, the traffic war cuts across all political, ethnic, economic and social lines. Both sides have impressive support from the radical, conservative, minority, feminist, student and senior citizen camps. Supporters of the traffic plan view it as the first serious effort by an American city to protect its neighborhoods from the noise, fumes and pedestrian hazards caused by the automobile. Supporters of the initiative see a multitude of demons: ultra-rightists portray themselves as civil libertarians saving fellow residents from a conspiracy aimed at forcing everyone to sell his car and take the bus; leftists call diverter proponents elitists trying to improve their neighborhoods at the expense of others; blacks worry that the traffic control devices could become checkpoints used by police to harass minorities.

The barriers are simple devices. An especially controversial one at the intersection of Woolsey and Hillegass streets (near my house) consists of three large cylindrical cement bollards holding up four wooden planks. The only opening is partially obstructed with a 100-pound concrete block, designed to discourage drivers from sailing through while permitting access to high-axle emergency vehicles. The block's steel bar anchor was cut by vandals so many times that the concrete finally had to be secured with epoxy adhesive. In all, the Woolsey-Hillegass barrier has been trashed more than 20 times and is also routinely flouted by drivers who scrape their oil pans as they edge over.

Although you wouldn't guess it from the emotionalism

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FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

over the traffic plan. Berkeley has used diverters for over a decade. Berkeley's streets, like those of most older cities, just can't handle current rush-hour traffic. The city's roadways, laid out when there were only 10,000 cars in all of California, are clogged by the current daily flow of 110,000 vehicles (half of them driven by commuters), and frustrated drivers have increasingly resorted to shortcutting through neighborhoods. At one point, the city considered solving the problem by widening 50 streets. But adverse reaction to that idea led to the current approach of encouraging mass transit use and deemphasizing private autos wherever possible.

While planners began studying the problem, several neighborhoods persuaded the city to install diverters on heavily used side streets. In some cases, it took a serious pedestrian accident to convince the city. Other obstructions were authorized to give children safer access to schools, to reduce speeding around parks and to prevent motorists from taking shortcuts to hospitals via extremely narrow side streets. Between August 1964 and February 1974 a total of 24 diverters were installed.

Because these barriers were put in piecemeal, they generally aroused little serious opposition. In fact, residents from unprotected neighborhoods were so impressed they began pressuring officials for diverters of their own. But rather than continuing to hand out the devices one by one, the Berkeley Planning Commission decided to work out a unified traffic plan. Consultants met with representatives of each neighborhood and then worked out a citywide system to meet specific problems. For instance, one neighborhood hard hit by local hospital traffic was given barriers to guard residential streets without denying medical traffic a direct route to the hospital from main arterials.

The initiative, according to one transportation official, "would give city traffic engineers little more power than raceway flagmen"

After a series of public hearings and intensive negotiations with police, fire, hospital and other special interest groups, the planning commission cut out 33 diverters recommended by the consultants. The final program as implemented put in 41 new diverters (17 of these units are actually semi-diverters that block half the street and permit one-way access), 300 stop signs and 18 traffic circles. When 30 stop signs were stolen the first weekend after installation, planners began modifying the system. A number of additional signs were taken out, as were two particularly objectionable barriers. Changes were also made on two other diverters to improve emergency access to one of the city's two hospitals. More alterations are planned but have been postponed pending the outcome of the June 8 vote, which would enjoin the city from using diverters in the future except at seven specified locations.

Some experts believe that Berkeley's entire traffic control capability is at stake in the balloting. Frank White, a state Department of Transportation official who helped develop his neighborhood's barrier system, contends that the ordinance section declaring "traffic signals, stop signs and other traffic control devices should be used only for the purpose of expediting the flow of traffic . . ." threatens their legitimate use for assigning right-of-way, controlling speed, providing pedestrian crossing opportunities, eliminating accidents at hazardous locations and so on. According to White, "This bill would give city traffic engineers little more power than raceway flagmen."

Why would a community want to return its streets to being raceways? Why are passions so high that a Berkeley employee installing a diverter has been knocked down by a broom-wielding elderly woman?

For University of California zoology professor Max Alfert, the outrage began in 1974. He was rushing a poisoned dog to the humane society when a diverter forced him to take a three-block detour. Although he arrived in time to save the animal, the 54-year-old professor emerged from the experience totally shaken. His ire grew as he watched the city cut off more streets: "You had a few good barriers and they aroused the greed and envy of people." Today he co-chairs Citizens Against Barricades (CAB).

"Look, if I had a choice now . . . to put [up] a barrier and remove some of the traffic [on my street] I would not want it. I don't want to live in a cage. To me these goddamn barriers look like a concentration camp, and I've been there and I don't want it."

It has been more than 35 years since young Max Alfert, an Austrian studying in Belgium, was arrested and car-

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ried off to French prisoner of war camps solely because the Nazis had forced a swastika-emblazoned German passport on him before he left his occupied native land. But today every time Alfert rounds a corner in his Peugeot or VW and spots another diverter he is reminded of his incarceration: "They had nice barriers there. They had boards put up where you couldn't go and this that you couldn't do and so on. . . . The idea was that it was *verboten*, you know. You could only move in prescribed ways even within the camp, and somehow unless you have lived through this you may not be sensitive to that aspect of it."

The professor also takes a dim view of the influential neighborhood organizations that successfully lobbied for the diverter network, and he believes they effectively serve as elitist fronts manipulating the public will under the guise of participatory democracy: "I assure you that there is no Western European democratic town . . . where citizens are harassed to such an extent with constant meetings, turning out, participating, saying yes to this or that. This is a specialty here and it was a specialty under the Nazis, too, you know . . . subdividing, keeping close track of you and always engaging you in some way in some civic or other activity. That was their brand of democracy, making it look as if you participated in something. In reality you had nothing to say, obviously. . . . This is a typical totalitarian device."

Although Alfert would like to see Fred Harris win the presidency this fall, has campaigned for liberal city council candidates and is a staunch supporter of the district's radical black congressman, Ron Dellums, he has no qualms about working with conservatives such as initiative co-sponsor Paul Higley, the 77-year-old leader of right-wing Berkeley Citizens United (BCU). BCU's publication, *Bulletin*, is distinguished by a column called "*Rad*icals and *Red*icals."

"What's a *Red*ical?" I asked Higley one afternoon.

"Well, that's—we'll say [Tom] Hayden and [Jerry] Rubin." Higley went on to explain that this Bolshevik watch was based on hundreds of individual BCU files. "We keep a complete rundown . . . on what they do, what they are mixed up in, who they are, how long they have been in some places." In addition to such radical figures as Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Bill Harris, Emily Harris and Angela Davis, the column has kept track of politicians like Representative Dellums, characterizing him as "the darling of the Communist Press."

"*Rad*icals and *Red*icals" warns that the Planning Commission's "infamous plot to eliminate autos is not new, nor is it confined to Berkeley." The column warns that this "abominable attempt to remove from us our right to use all public streets, and our right to private autos . . . is destined to be used all across the country. What better way to control the people than by rendering them immobile, except by public transit?"

Similar theories are articulated by a number of residents in letters to the *Berkeley Gazette*. "Let us be done with these giant, ugly traffic diverters," argues one correspondent. "Let us be done with the City Planners who are imposing the loss of freedom of movement upon all Berkeleyans. Let us remember that total loss of mobility within and without a country is the first sign of a Communist takeover."

"Let us remember," one man wrote the *Berkeley Gazette*, "that total loss of mobility within and without a country is the first sign of a Communist takeover"

This kind of rhetoric has led to difficulties for some leftist leaders of the diverter recall initiative. Leo Bach, the generous movement printer who ran off all of Mario Savio's Free Speech Movement literature at cost, finds a number of "people who were my friends . . . on the left [have] stopped talking to me." He simply can't get them to see that "you don't solve the problem by diverting traffic from one street to another—by taking it off my street and sending it up yours."

On the other hand, the barrier issue has formed a common ground for some Berkeley couples who have disagreed on political matters in the past. Among them are neurosurgeon Robert Fink and his wife, Doris, who has belonged to the radical feminist Berkeley-Oakland Women's Union. "Even though I consider myself a liberal, she thinks I'm a conservative," the young doctor told me at his downtown Berkeley office. "I think she's a blown-out radical and we argue viciously sometimes on national issues. But on this one we're together."

Officials such as city planner John Grey believe that with appropriate modifications most residents could probably adjust to the barriers and perhaps even start making use of mass transit, which is scheduled to be stepped up thanks in part to federal aid. "The initiative is frustrating because its passage would stop a good experiment," Grey says. "I think if the system stayed, in three to five years you'd find a lot of older cities following it.

"You know, we've grown up with the car as a symbol of freedom and we're challenging that in Berkeley in a way that counts. I guess it's amazing that the community let us get as far as we did. People seem to take their driving very, very personally."

Indeed they do. In recent weeks I've found that the diverters are making conversation difficult with people around town. One man waiting in line for a hamburger told me he felt the whole plan was part of an effort to turn the city over to joggers and bikers. A woman who lives a block away is concerned that a new barrier impedes her most direct route to the hospital (instead of taking 1 minute, the trip now takes about 1 minute and 45 seconds). And my neighborhood bookstore owner has an anti-barrier petition next to his cash register.

As I was paying for a paperback one afternoon, I noticed that almost half the names on his list were residents of Piedmont, an affluent suburb nearby. When I asked what right non-residents had to dictate our traffic system, he started yelling about the adverse impact of diverters on his own driving patterns. I reminded him that some of the barriers erected in Berkeley over the past ten years had gone in on streets where children had been hit by motorists. For instance, one partial diverter was installed after an 18-month-old girl had been run down by a drayage truck. "Well," he said as he rung up the sale, "if she hadn't been there by the street she wouldn't have been hit."

Several days later I mentioned this remark to Ann Sparks, the mother of the baby girl who had died. She was not surprised. Sipping coffee at her kitchen table, she told me: "A few weeks ago I went up to the drugstore and the clerk started giving me a hard time because I wouldn't sign an anti-barrier petition they had out. She demanded to know how I could possibly favor diverters. I tried, as politely as I could, to explain that it seemed like a sensible way of protecting children from traffic."

"And what was her answer to that?" I asked.

"She told me, 'Children don't get hit unless they deserve it.'" ●

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

It's raining on Kevin White's parade

By Robert Sam Anson

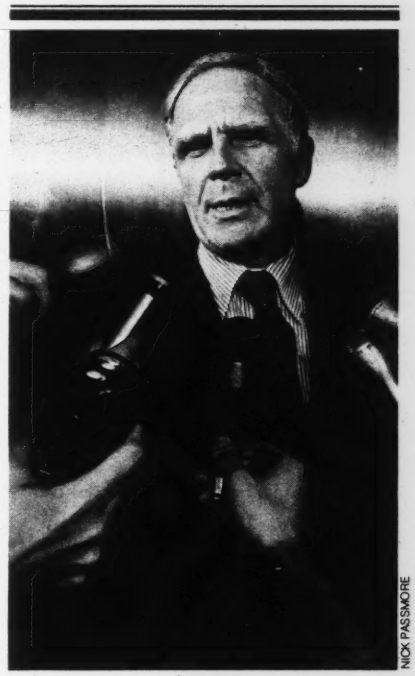
They had a parade in Boston the other day, for the reason the Irish are always having parades. They make people feel good. That is how it was with this parade. There weren't any bands, and it was called a march, and the official reason for everyone walking from the Common to City Hall was to protest violence. But that didn't keep people from having a good time. And the man who was leading it, the mayor, Kevin White? He seemed to be having the best time of all.

But then, everyone in Boston needs a bit of relief, the mayor especially. Because, lately, there hasn't been much to smile about. The busing crisis, which the politicians confidently expected would go away once the Southies had yelled their lungs out, now is a year and a half old, with no signs of abating. Within the last two months there has been a series of racial stonings, beatings and, in one especially memorable incident, clubbings with a staff from an American flag. Then, two weeks ago, someone left a bomb in the county courthouse. A telephone warning came in, but not soon enough. The bomb blew up and injured 21 people, one of whom had a leg severed. And, as if the city didn't have enough troubles, the state attorney general put a grand jury to work to see whether his honor, the mayor, was a crook.

All of which has left Kevin White, a man once touted as the most visionary mayor in America, perhaps even a president one day, a bit shaken. Only "shaken" does not really describe it. "Stunned," "outraged," "bewildered" come much closer. And recently, people close to the mayor have begun using another word to describe him: "unglued." "He's coming apart over this whole corruption business," says one of White's closest associates. "For a while, I thought he was having a nervous breakdown. He's better now, at least some days. But other days. . . boy, he's really unglued."

Something certainly is amiss. Lately, White has disappeared for days at a time. He has had public temper tantrums. Old friends have been excoriated for mysterious reasons. Many mornings, he

Boston's racial violence is not the only reason the mayor seems to be coming unglued



NICK PASSMORE

seems to have trouble getting into the office. This once most self-confident of men now talks about the future with a trace of wistfulness, amending his plans for the city with a quiet "if I am here."

People first began noticing a difference last spring, when the political season began to warm up and the predictable charges started flying. White was uncharacteristically defensive, almost hurt. Rather than striking back, he complained to friends that he wasn't appreciated. Some days, his whereabouts would not be known. As the charges of scandal increased, his behavior became more erratic. By the fall, there were nearly daily stories in the press linking White or his administration to various misdeeds, from shaking down contractors to questionable campaign contributions to bugging his own office. And it was then, in the final weeks of his campaign for reelection, with his enemies closing in, that White began to come apart.

White won the election, but narrowly, mainly by dirtying his opponents even more effectively than they had dirtied him. To silence his critics, he designated a deputy police superintendent, a longtime mayoral crony, to conduct a special investigation, the results of which would be made public after the election. The election came and went, and the results of the investigation, if any, were never released. The deputy superintendent, however, was promoted.

That is how it is with Boston politics. A grin, a wink, a poke in the ribs. The scandals had sobered Kevin, the story around Boston went. For a time, it seemed so. In his first state-of-the-city address after reelection, White promised to appoint a special "board of investigations" which would lift the cloud of suspicion that had settled over the mayor's office. The board was never appointed. Early this year, White announced that he had abandoned the idea.

Meanwhile, Francis Xavier Bellotti, the Massachusetts attorney general, was becoming increasingly curious about the goings-on downtown at City Hall. Bellotti was probably the last person Kevin White expected to have trouble from. During the early sixties, the two men had been friends and political allies. In 1962, White, then-secretary of state, had risked his political career by being the only Democrat of any stature to support Bellotti's challenge to the then-incumbent Democratic governor. During White's own reelection campaign in 1975, Bellotti studiously refrained from commenting on any of the accusations that had swirled around White. But Bellotti had ambitions of his own. When the need arose, he could be ruthless. As one Boston pol puts it: "Frank is an Italian kid who grew up in an Irish neighborhood. He had to fight his way home from school every afternoon. He's tough. And smart, too."

And also savvy. Bellotti knew first-

hand of some of the stories about White but, even after his election in 1974, did nothing about them. "The problem," says one acquaintance, "was getting them in the newspapers." But now that they were in the newspapers, that was a problem, too. Whether they had substance or not, there were simply too many charges of scandal to be ignored. "If Frank didn't do something," one of his associates explains, "it would look like he was going along with it." There may have been another motive as well. "He's got his eye on Brooke's seat," says one City Hall source. "And he thinks the mayor does, too. He wants to scruff him up a little before the campaign begins." Either motive would be understandable. What was surprising was the allegation Bellotti chose to investigate: illegal bugging.

The bugging had occurred in 1970, when White, then preparing to run for governor, discovered that a campaign contribution destined for him had allegedly been "shortstopped" by Jack Warner, the director of the Boston Redevelopment Authority and a close personal friend. Warner, so the story went, had solicited a contribution of $18,000 from a prominent contractor named David Nassif but, instead of turning the money over to White, had pocketed it for his own political purposes. Enraged by the betrayal, White summoned Nassif and had him recount the story—while a tape recorder whirled in the background. After a series of misadventures with the tape machine (Nassif had to retell his story on three separate occasions before White got a good quality tape), White used the "evidence" to force Warner out of public life.

The tale of Kevin and the tape machine became a part of Boston's political folklore, but it did not surface publicly until *New Times'* account of the mayor's political troubles last October. Even then, though, the story was the occasion for more mirth than indignation. One of those who was not amused was John Irwin, chief of the criminal division of the attorney general's office and a stickler about the law. The law, in this case, was an anti-wiretapping statute passed by the state legislature in the late 1960s, which banned, among other things, any tape recording made without a person's express knowledge; not only banned such recordings, but made them a felony. None of which had seemed to trouble Kevin White.

In December, Irwin wrote White a letter, requesting that he appear at the attorney general's office to explain the Warner episode. White did not reply. Instead, the city's corporation counsel told the press that the tape recording in question had been destroyed. Another letter from Irwin followed, once again requesting that the mayor appear. This time, White jokingly told the press that he would not reply because he lacked the stamps for a letter. Irwin's response was to begin subpoenaing witnesses before a grand jury, among them Kevin Hagen White. "Kevin miscalculated," says a source close to the grand jury investigation. "He could have avoided this whole thing if he just went down and talked to Irwin. But he thought Irwin was bluffing. Well, Irwin wasn't bluffing."

No one seems to know precisely what Irwin and the grand jury are fishing for. But already, three witnesses have appeared and more are scheduled to testify. White himself spent nearly three hours answering questions a couple of weeks ago, slipping in and out of the courthouse undetected. Since then, he has made no public statements about the case. The statements he has made previously, however, including a long interview on the subject with the *Boston Globe* shortly before the election, are tantamount to an admission of guilt. As recently as a week ago, a spokesman for the mayor conceded that the tape recording of Nassif's conversation had indeed been made secretly. The question is whether Bellotti will want to bring an indictment under a law of dubious constitutionality. The trouble is, as one Beacon Hill operator points out: "Once a grand jury gets going, it's hard to turn it off. It gets a life of its own. The more chips that get stacked up on the table, the more Bellotti has to do something. Who knows what he is looking for? But, holy Jesus, if someone doesn't find a way to turn this thing off, the whole house could come crashing down."

White "disappeared" recently for a three-day stretch. Not even his staff seemed to know where he was. Later he said he'd been "sunning myself in my backyard"

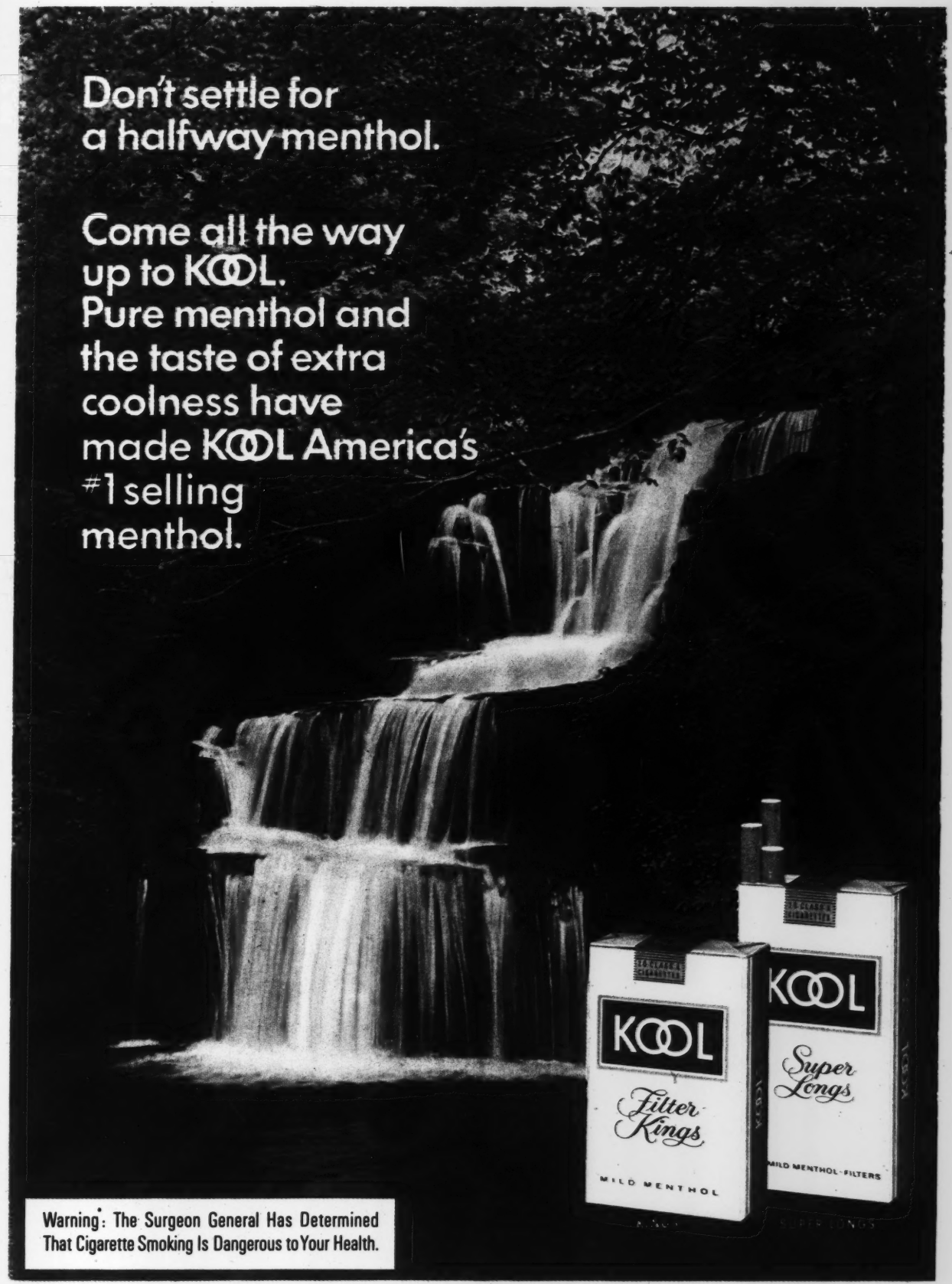
Clearly, the situation is already taking its toll on White. A few weeks ago, the mayor "disappeared" for one three-day stretch. No one, including his staff, seemed to know quite where he was. While the rumors swirled—"Where's the Mayor?" one newspaper headline wondered—White stayed out of sight and out of touch. When he reemerged at a musical benefit, he at first pushed off inquiries about his whereabouts. "I was in Shangri-la," he shot back to one reporter. At length, however, the mayor allowed as to how he had spent the time "sunning myself in my backyard."

Even before his disappearing act, White had been reported on the verge of resigning. As it turned out, the resignation rumors had been cooked up by a North End politician anxious to further his own mayoral ambitions. But, as one of White's friends puts it, "The point was not that the rumor was true, but 90 percent of the people around here believed it was true. They could actually see why Kevin would want to quit. It has gotten that bad."

Through it all, White has remained puzzled, mystified why, after all he has done for "my city," events should turn on him. He was complaining to a reporter a while ago that some journalists "want a politician to be conceived immaculately." That's not what politics is all about, he was telling the reporter. As he talked on, his voice got louder, until he was almost shouting. The performance, the reporter recalled later, was a little scary. "You can't help but feel sorry for the guy," the reporter, no friend of White's, said. "A lot of this has been unfair. He has been a good mayor. And he just doesn't know why all of this is coming down on him now. He can't understand it."

Some days, White will act as if it all isn't happening, musing, somewhat wistfully, about the long-shot chances of his getting out of Boston once and for all and down to Washington, where his talents will be more appreciated. The convention still might deadlock, he is reported to have said to one friend. Possibly, his party could still turn to him, if not as a presidential candidate then perhaps as a running-mate for Scoop or Hubert. "I don't think that even Kevin believes it anymore," says one acquaintance. "It just gives him something to talk about."

It's too bad. There are a lot worse men the Democratic Party could turn to for leadership. As mayor of Boston, Kevin White has faced more troubles, and confronted them better, than most politicians do in a lifetime. Trouble, in a way, is his specialty. When it is not his own, it brings out the best in him. "Did you see him at that parade?" one of White's old chums exclaimed. "He looked great, didn't he? Maybe that's what he needs. A big problem he can lick." If trouble really is what Kevin White needs, Boston will more than suffice. ●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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

First Mama down on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has got her ears, as does Space Woman in San Diego. They, along with 13 million other Americans, are participants in the craze that has boosted Citizens Band from a workaday system for truckers to the hub of a community which offers the anonymity of a radio show and the camaraderie of a barn-raising

CB

AMERICA'S NEW PARTY LINE

BY RALPH KEYES

Coming home late from a party one night, I stopped at 7-Eleven for the paper. Seated on his motorcycle in the parking lot was my neighbor Honda Boy. "Look what I got for Christmas," said Honda Boy, pointing to the back of his bike. I bent down to see. Strapped to the back was a small metal box with several dials set off by glowing green and red lights. From this box, sizzling and popping noises muffled a voice. I leaned closer. "Up yours, buddy," said the voice.

"Yeah," said another. "Why don't you go sit on a cold carrot?"

"Clean it up!" shouted a third.

"Welcome to channel 2," a final voice said wearily.

This was my introduction to Citizens Band radio, America's hottest electronic merchandise since calculators went discount. Until recently, stores literally could not keep this item in stock. Total sales of CB equipment have doubled annually for the past few years: an estimated $400 million in 1974 sales became nearly $1 billion in 1975. According to figures compiled by the Electronic Industries Association, 4½ million CB transceivers were shipped last year — over a third of the 12½ million units the EIA estimates have been sold in this country since CB's birth in 1958.

The Federal Communications Commission thinks the total may be even higher: up to 15 million units—sometimes several to a license. It took the FCC 16 years to license its first million CB users, eight months for the second million and three months for the third. License applications now average 500,000 a month, over ten times the figure of a year ago, and the total number of licenses exceeds 6 million.

What's happened is this: truckers in recent years took to CB as a way to fight boredom. Over the medium's 23 channels they could normally talk in a 20-mile range with other CB-equipped 18-wheelers, with 4-wheelers if they so deigned and with the odd base unit set up in homes along the way. Then, during the energy crisis, truckers began to find their livelihood depending on two-way radio for locating gas and avoiding smokey (bear, the highway patrol) to beat the double-nickel (55 mph). In the subsequent truckers' strike, CB was used as a tool of coordination. Publicity given this fact on television stirred interest in CB among civilians, who were finding truckers pretty interesting anyway. Going to their local Radio Shack, 4-wheelers found that the price of CB units had dropped to just over $100. Throw in 20 bucks for an antenna and you could join the airwaves, a CBer for sure. Just like Sonny and Will on *Movin' On*. For the price of a unit you not only got to listen and broadcast but you also got to make up your own handle or nickname, learn a new lingo, say 10-4 a lot (police code for "OK") like Broderick Crawford used to, join the lookout for smokeys and with luck maybe even get in on a convoy. When C.W. McCall sang his pop-country hit on this topic, he was singing about

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you. So was Cledus Maggard, the former Shakespearean actor, with his satirical hit "White Knight," about a CB-equipped smokey. And Dave Dudley's country song "Me and Old CB," and Johnny Cash's new single, "One Piece at a Time," in which CB lingo makes an extended guest appearance. There's even an entire album of CB songs called *Talkin' Smokey*, and the Mitchell Brothers have just released a movie called *CB Mamas* ("Citizens Band radios in the hands of rampaging housewives leads to power-packed eroticism and high frequency action"), getting a beat on United Artists' projected movie of *Convoy*.

CB looked exciting. People wanted in. Me for instance. I also wanted to eavesdrop. To do this, I bought a transceiver for $99, an antenna for my house in San Diego and another for my car (the radio moved back and forth).

A CB antenna turns out not only to send and receive radio signals. Longer than the usual kind, and usually fatter at the base, a two-way antenna on your roof or trunk verily screams: CBer at the wheel.

Even as my antenna was being installed, a Chevy El Camino with twin whips drove up. Its occupant looked me over. "10-4," he finally said with a tight nod. "Whadda ya go by?"

"Go by?" I answered.

"Yeah. What's your handle?"

I had read about handles. Catfish Hunter over CB is The Silver Bullet; Claude Akins, Sundance; Muhammad Ali, The Big Bopper. But who was I?

My mind raced. My dog's name is Captain Ahab. My car is white. . . .

"Mobile Dick?"

The guy laughed. "10-4. 10-4."

Driving with a CB antenna stuck on your car, you get intensely conscious of other people's. Like the one twice as long as yours on the yellow dune buggy that just cut you off. Deliberately?

Or the ones on pickups with gun racks whose drivers you fantasize are trying to get through to you with questions you don't feel like answering. Such as: "Breaker on 5; break 5. You in the Saab. Don't you know real CBers don't drive cars like that?"

Or: "Hey, guy with the beard. Look to your left. See that M-1 aimed at your head?"

My friend the Jungian therapist thought I might be a little paranoid, but

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Ralph Keyes, writer-in-residence at the Center for Studies of the Person in La Jolla, California, is author of Is There Life After High School?, *which will be published by Little, Brown this June.*

she's never had a CB antenna on her car.

Not until reaching the safety of my home did I turn the set on. Its red and green lights glowed invitingly. Then the room filled with visitors. On channel 2, a young male voice said, "He-a-v-y duty!"

"I confess," said another.

"Shut up, you guys," broke in a girl's voice.

"Are you a les?" was the first boy's response.

"Are you?"

"Whatever you are, I'm not."

Up on 13 they were talking about how Uncle Charley (the FCC) monitored channel 2 the other night and busted a lot of button pushers (people who by pushing the button on their mike interrupt conversations and who violate FCC regulations by failing to give their call numbers). On 18, Rock Candy and Green Velvet were discussing the fog on top of the world (Mount Soledad, San Diego's highest mountain and a major CBer hangout).

If CB is raunchy in urban California, it's partly because the setting is. But more important is the anonymity cloaking all city CBers. Who's to know who you are?

Just a few miles east of here, in rural towns such as Alpine and Ramona, the talk is all of horses, pickups and who's going with whom to the show tonight. Out in the country CB resembles an old party line more than *Saturday Night Live.* Where voices hook up with faces, CB use is much more polite and practical.

Last fall in Caddo Mills, Texas, a CB-coordinated posse ran down a couple of fleeing bank robbers. The two never had a chance. After calling each other out, 25 armed CBers stayed carefully out of their quarry's pistol range and pulled their noose of cars tighter according to

Ratchet jawing with Betty

A convoy was heading east on Interstate 10, toward Beaumont, Texas, and Hammerhead and First Mama were modulating with each other.

"How are you enjoying your stay in Texas, First Mama?"

"Oh boy, its been a ball all the way."

"Well, that's a big 10-4, First Mama, we thank you for that. Where did you learn that ol' radidio lingo, First Mama? Come back."

"Well, First Mama had to get a CB slang dictionary. . . ."

The conversation went on, when First Mama warned:

"OK, good buddy, there are a couple smokeys up ahead."

Only thing was, the smokeys (or police) referred to were part of the convoy. And First Mama, better known in Washington circles as Betty Ford, was being whisked in a blue Mark IV to yet another stop on the campaign trail.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID WOO

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you. So was Cledus Maggard, the former Shakespearean actor, with his satirical hit "White Knight," about a CB-equipped smokey. And Dave Dudley's country song "Me and Old CB," and Johnny Cash's new single, "One Piece at a Time," in which CB lingo makes an extended guest appearance. There's even an entire album of CB songs called *Talkin' Smokey*, and the Mitchell Brothers have just released a movie called *CB Mamas* ("Citizens Band radios in the hands of rampaging housewives leads to power-packed eroticism and high frequency action"), getting a beat on United Artists' projected movie of *Convoy*.

CB looked exciting. People wanted in. Me for instance. I also wanted to eavesdrop. To do this, I bought a transceiver for $99, an antenna for my house in San Diego and another for my car (the radio moved back and forth).

A CB antenna turns out not only to send and receive radio signals. Longer than the usual kind, and usually fatter at the base, a two-way antenna on your roof or trunk verily screams: CBer at the wheel.

Even as my antenna was being installed, a Chevy El Camino with twin whips drove up. Its occupant looked me over. "10-4," he finally said with a tight nod. "Whadda ya go by?"

"Go by?" I answered.

"Yeah. What's your handle?"

I had read about handles. Catfish Hunter over CB is The Silver Bullet; Claude Akins, Sundance; Muhammad Ali, The Big Bopper. But who was I?

My mind raced. My dog's name is Captain Ahab. My car is white. . . .

"Mobile Dick?"

The guy laughed. "10-4, 10-4."

Driving with a CB antenna stuck on your car, you get intensely conscious of other people's. Like the one twice as long as yours on the yellow dune buggy that just cut you off. Deliberately?

Or the ones on pickups with gun racks whose drivers you fantasize are trying to get through to you with questions you don't feel like answering. Such as: "Breaker on 5; break 5. You in the Saab. Don't you know real CBers don't drive cars like that?"

Or: "Hey, guy with the beard. Look to your left. See that M-1 aimed at your head?"

My friend the Jungian therapist thought I might be a little paranoid, but

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Ralph Keyes, writer-in-residence at the Center for Studies of the Person in La Jolla, California, is author of Is There Life After High School?, *which will be published by Little, Brown this June.*

she's never had a CB antenna on her car.

Not until reaching the safety of my home did I turn the set on. Its red and green lights glowed invitingly. Then the room filled with visitors. On channel 2, a young male voice said, "He-a-v-y duty!"

"I confess," said another.

"Shut up, you guys," broke in a girl's voice.

"Are you a les?" was the first boy's response.

"Are you?"

"Whatever you are, I'm not."

Up on 13 they were talking about how Uncle Charley (the FCC) monitored channel 2 the other night and busted a lot of button pushers (people who by pushing the button on their mike interrupt conversations and who violate FCC regulations by failing to give their call numbers). On 18, Rock Candy and Green Velvet were discussing the fog on top of the world (Mount Soledad, San Diego's highest mountain and a major CBer hangout).

If CB is raunchy in urban California, it's partly because the setting is. But more important is the anonymity cloaking all city CBers. Who's to know who you are?

Just a few miles east of here, in rural towns such as Alpine and Ramona, the talk is all of horses, pickups and who's going with whom to the show tonight. Out in the country CB resembles an old party line more than *Saturday Night Live*. Where voices hook up with faces, CB use is much more polite and practical.

Last fall in Caddo Mills, Texas, a CB-coordinated posse ran down a couple of fleeing bank robbers. The two never had a chance. After calling each other out, 25 armed CBers stayed carefully out of their quarry's pistol range and pulled their noose of cars tighter according to

Ratchet jawing with Betty

A convoy was heading east on Interstate 10, toward Beaumont, Texas, and Hammerhead and First Mama were modulating with each other.

"How are you enjoying your stay in Texas, First Mama?"

"Oh boy, its been a ball all the way."

"Well, that's a big 10-4, First Mama, we thank you for that. Where did you learn that ol' radidio lingo, First Mama? Come back."

"Well, First Mama had to get a CB slang dictionary. . . ."

The conversation went on, when First Mama warned:

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directions received on CB. The pair finally surrendered before a shot was fired.

City CBers have come up with their own imaginative wrinkles. In Cleveland, a CBer named Hollywood Swinger was busted for allegedly arranging parties from his pimpmobile. And a member of the Los Angeles sheriff's department tells me that an undercover masseuse has just reported the use of CB among her colleagues on outcalls. One advantage of this is that part-time ladies of the day who have husbands or boyfriends can make coded appointments over CB with their mates none the wiser.

Other creative CB applications include smuggling (the tactic calls for a clean scout car to clear the way and broadcast back to a second car carrying contraband) and coordinating demonstrations of the left and right. In both Boston and Louisville, violent anti-busing protests were orchestrated over two-way radio. With dubious constitutional authority, Louisville authorities for a time jammed and banned such use of CB. For their trouble they were subjected to an inquiry by the Federal Communications Commission.

Such use was not what the FCC had in mind when they first assigned 23 two-way channels to public use in 1958. What the commission had envisioned was something a little more mundane—the plumber calling back for a pipe-threader, say, or KYX3234 mobile calling KYX3234 base to say traffic had his stomach in an uproar and please have some bicarb waiting.

What they are getting is a people's *Show of Shows*. One must not lose sight of the fact that CB is a public medium. Conversation between two people is for everyone to hear. Theoretically, the whole world's listening. There are people like me hoping to be entertained. This audience must be kept in mind.

One night on 2, Hot Tar, Streaker and Mickey Mouse were telling a rookie named Twisted Socks how to find the van from which they were broadcasting. Finally she arrived. "I see the van," Twisted Socks finally said. "I'm lookin' right at it. Man, do I wanna twist your socks."

Hot Tar: "Well, come on in."

Twisted Socks: "How many people are in there?"

HT: "Three guys, two gals."

A female voice broke in: "Hey gal, you can have 'em all but Streaker."

HT: "Hey, we're just freakin' your mind out. We're not in a van at all. We're all squeezed into my Datsun pickup."

TS: "Well, whatever twists your socks."

HT: "We wanna twist yours."

TS: "I'm not wearing any. Or any shoes. Or pants. Or top. Or anything. Hey—would you like me to exit here and enter there?"

HT: "10-4."

TS: "O.K."

Then there was only silence.

For a time I kept my CB on constantly, like a police squawk box. I was worried something might happen without me. Having a CB and leaving it off is like wearing ear plugs to a party. By leaving it on, with just a flick of the wrist I could eavesdrop on up to 21 conversations (channel 9 is left open nationally for distress calls, and 11 is meant for making contact before moving to a new channel).

There are wide variations by channel and neighborhood in the way CB is used. Around the beach area where I live, 2 is for garbage. But south of here, 15 is even worse. Down around Chula Vista telling someone to "Go to 15!" is fighting talk. East of Chula Vista, in Logan Heights, channel 6 belongs to the brothers. White voices intruding on 6 risk being ordered elsewhere. On 13, rapid-fire Spanish is common, punctuated with "traficos!" (break), "diez-cuatros" (10-4) and "negativo." On 18, voices are older and more polite. Truckers stick to 19.

One monitor explains CB's appeal this way: "Here's a guy who goes to work, comes home, fights with the kids. Then he gets a CB, and for the first time, he breaks out of his anonymity"

Honda Boy came by to coach me. Ever since an antenna went up on my roof he'd become more friendly. My neighbor thought it important that I come up with a good handle. Vampire seemed like a good possibility, or else Count Dracula. Honda Boy says it's important that a handle be out of the usual.

Knowing how to talk over the air is also important. He says this is necessary for being accepted by other CBers. Like you should talk casual but fast, use a lot of "gonnas" and "kindas" and especially never sound hesitant—then everyone will know you're a rookie for sure. They won't even respond when you ask for a break.

Honda Boy keyed down on my mike to demonstrate.

"Break 2; break 2."

"Yeah, breaker, go ahead."

"Thank you much. This here's one Honda Boy. What's your handle, come on."

"This here's one Prairie Dog, on top of the world."

"Hey one Prairie Dog. Whacha been up to, go ahead."

"Oh, not much. Partyin' around, chasin' them two-legged bunnies for sure" (pronounced four shore).

Prairie Dog and Honda Boy now discussed how they sounded over the air, the party scene that weekend and the weather up on top of the world before Prairie Dog said, "Well, we gonna back 'em on out now. Good numbers to ya."

"Yeah, Prairie Dog. This here's one Honda Boy. 10-7. We gone."

With local dialects, CB talk the country around is a curious patois of police code, technical jargon, trucker slang and affectation as people modulate on the ole radidio before going 10-7 (out of service) to back 'em out and sip a few Colorado Kool-Aids, then hit the ole horizontal. More important than its vocabulary is the rhythm of CB talk, a determinedly casual sing-song drawl—sort of John Wayne meets Mao Tse-tung.

There's a lot of trucker envy involved in CBing. Although actual 18-wheelers are the smallest part of CBing, 4-wheelers are always trying to sound like they're transmitting from high in a Kenworth cab. "Everybody on CB gets to talk redneck," says John Sodolski of the Electronic Industries Association, who thinks it's part of the appeal. Sodolski has watched CB evolve into a broader, middle-class interest in recent years. Fifty out of 80 yachts in his club are now CB-equipped, he points out, and more cars than pickups around his rural Maryland home have sprouted antennas. Sodolski says that when he first got a unit ten years ago people would ask, "What's that? A telephone?" Now they say, "Hey, you've got a CB!" As with TVs and air-conditioning before, he thinks a critical mass has been reached where CB sales are self-generating. By 1980, predicts Sodolski, two-way radio will be standard equipment on passenger cars.

This would only exacerbate extraordinary regulation problems already confronting the FCC. As users of CB mushroom, the commission's resources remain static. Even after reducing processing time to 26 seconds per application, there is still an eight- to ten-week backlog on license granting. (The FCC recently created a temporary licensing procedure through CB dealers. This came on the heels of complaints about Betty Ford being bumped to the head of the line for a temporary license so she could campaign over CB for her husband in Wisconsin.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY PORELLO

A sense of belonging is an important aspect of CBing. Space Woman, a well-known San Diego CBer, claims she often directs rescue missions via CB.

Calling for congressional hearings on "the CB phenomenon," Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton has suggested that a supplementary appropriation may be necessary to help the FCC cope.

The commission constantly monitors CB, issuing reprimands, imposing fines and occasionally revoking licenses for serious abuse of the airwaves. Special CB task forces have been created to blanket high-complaint areas for two weeks at a time. In an effort to encourage compliance by making compliance easier, the FCC last fall reduced the need to give call letters during CB conversations in addition to eliminating restrictions on chitchat and use of handles over the air. The commission is expected soon to more than double the number of channels available for CB use.

But the FCC is faced with a problem. Its mandate is to regulate electronic communication. Ostensibly this is what is going on over Citizens Band. But not really. CBing is about communication only at the most superficial level. CB really has to do with grittier needs, such as the need for identity and for power. With mike in hand, we're all the Wizard of Oz. It's a startling experience to see meek and mild CBers key down on a mike and from some reserve deep within boom: "Breaker, break! Breaker, break! Can I get a radio check, come on?"

After years of monitoring CB conversation, FCC engineer Clarence Spillman says he's finally caught a glimmer of what the commission is up against. What this medium has done, Spillman thinks, is invigorate a neglected stratum of society—men in particular. "I mean here's a guy," he explains, "who goes to work, comes home, fights with the kids, yells at his old lady, drinks his beer and watches the ball game on TV before going to sleep. Nothing in his life makes him feel important. Then he gets a CB, and for the first time he breaks out of his anonymity. Over the air he can express himself. He can impress others with his personality. I hear guys on the air all the time who you'd think are the roughest, toughest men in the world. The funny thing is, you meet them and they're just the opposite."

San Diego's CB airwaves are filled with posturing and strutting, the constant observation that "he's walking all over you" (with excess broadcasting power) and threats to dust each other's britches. In extreme cases disturbed CBers use the medium to broadcast dementia. My favorite of this breed (many of whom just make frog noises or talk to themselves or blow bugles) is The Controller. For minutes at a time The Controller would seize the airwaves north of here to proclaim: "I am the goddamn Controller and I control e-v-e-r-ything. I control the amount of piss you piss. . . ." His diatribe degenerates from there before concluding, "I control everything."

Such talk over the air is a federal offense. In six years of monitoring CB for the FBI south of Orange County, former agent Harry Whidbee heard more such crimes committed than he cares to remember. He contributed successfully to three convictions. The problem is that to collect evidence that will stand up in court one must first catch a foul-mouther with mike to lips. This requires extensive scanning and considerable luck. By staying on the move, never broadcasting for long and switching channels constantly, a mobile bucket mouth can make himself hard to find. Once evidence of a crime is in hand, a U.S. Attorney must then be convinced that CB profanity is worth his time. He in turn must persuade a judge to convict. "But," explains Whidbee, today a private investigator, "a judge might consider, what's so bad about that—compared with this bank robber here who's murdered three tellers?" As a result, it's the rare foul mouth who gets busted.

In his years of monitoring CB, Whidbee got a broad overview of who's talking. He divides Southern California's CBers into three categories. The largest group are hobbyists, harmless, generally constructive, commonly found organized into CB clubs. Next are truckers. Last are what Whidbee calls "CB gangs," small groups of six to eight CBers, generally young, who use the medium to arrange their social calendar.

Members of such gangs, Whidbee says, are the source of most foul-mouthing and the object of an increasing amount of direct action taken by other CBers. In its mildest form this involves tracking a bucket mouth with loop antennas, then announcing over the air that he's been found, his license plate recorded and home address traceable if necessary. It's also technically feasible to run close alongside another CBer and shoot enough power down his antenna to burn out his unit. I've heard this discussed but know of no one who has tried it. I have heard, from Whidbee and others, of vigilantes who run down button pushers to smash their radio, mouth or hands or— in the ultimate indignity— whip them with their own antennas. In an action monitored by various CBers here four years ago, several carloads of vigilantes ran down a particularly offensive bucket mouth who was telling them to take their radios and take their mothers and stick their radios in their

mothers, and who, when surrounded in a parking lot, came out of his pickup with a high-powered rifle before finally being subdued.

Incidents of pitched warfare between CBers have been reported across this country and Canada. In White Plains, New York, the leader of a Citizens Band Cleanup Campaign had his home and car vandalized. In Riverview, Michigan, a group of CBers organized last fall to track down an area CBer who went by the handle Tokyo Joe and who, in a phony Japanese accent, threatened other CBers by name and said he'd blow up their houses. Following news reports of his activity, Tokyo Joe went off the airwaves.

CBers are not uniformly nice. Some tie up rescue teams with phony distress calls. Others refuse to break for an emergency. And many boost their power to such an extent that they can walk on anyone else's attempt to get through. In cities especially, the hallowed CB custom of waiting politely for a break before getting on the air has grown as rare as the doff of a gentleman's hat.

"The last six months have been terrible," says a San Diego CBer named Space Woman. "Now you can't have a conversation without someone saying, 'Break! Break!' The only time you really can talk now is late at night."

Pale, frail, but with a mischievous smile, Space Woman's heart condition and chronic bronchitis have made her a shut-in for the past several years. During that time, CB has been her means of contact with the outside world. "It keeps me from feeling sorry for myself," Space Woman explains. "That radio means an awful lot to me. A lot of company."

Her radio is a large wooden console with a stand-up mike on top. Over this unit Space Woman gets into "round tables" with other CBers still up at one or two in the morning. One night they discussed psychic phenomenon. Another night it was their outrageous gas and electric bills. Space Woman says that growing out of that conversation she helped lead a campaign over the air to have people pay their bills to the Public Utilities Commission rather than the gas and electric company.

Space Woman is well-known among her CB colleagues and generally well-liked. From her broadcast vantage point on a hill, Space Woman says she sometimes coordinates CB rescue activities. At times she tries calling herself the Ding Dong Lady from Duma and rings a little bell. But Space Woman's throaty voice is difficult to disguise, and whenever she tries this some colleague is bound to get on and say, "Oh, Space Woman. Who you trying to kid?"

Space Woman is not popular with everyone. In recent years a bunch of young button pushers has taken to harassing her over the air. Once one of them asked if she was 11-44 yet. (11-44 means "Coroner's Report.") Space Woman said no way, she was gonna stick around for a while to plague him.

Here's a story Space Woman tells. One night after a button pusher had given Space Woman's address over the air, a rock flew through her picture window as she was broadcasting. She was showered with glass. "It just covered my whole body," she recalls. "I was a solid mass of glass. A piece went in my eye. I thought I'd lost it. I got hysterical and keyed my mike and said, 'Oh my God—I'm a mass of glass. Somebody threw a rock through my window.'"

Within minutes, by her account, the street in front of Space Woman's house was filled with CBers wanting to help. They couldn't find the rock throwers (nor could the police), but their concern meant a lot to her. "It's just amazing what CBers will do when you need them," says Space Woman "Ninety-nine percent of CBers are wonderful. They restore your faith in human nature."

For the price of a CB unit, you get to make up your own handle, learn a new lingo, say 10-4 a lot, join the lookout for smokeys and maybe even join a convoy

At a Saturday afternoon "break" of the 50/50 CBers Club in National City, it seemed everyone had a story to tell of CB Samaritanism: the days they spent on the air organizing relief for Tijuana residents after mud slides, or the time many of them worked all night to dig a car out of the mud by the bay before the tide could come in and swamp it. Last Christmas, club members collected 26 baskets for the needy. "It's something you don't find anymore," explains a 50/50er named The Hook. "People sticking together to help each other."

One of an endless number of CB clubs both local and national, 50/50 packs the VIP Room of the Plaza Bowl every Saturday with its break. Holding coffee or Coors in one hand, their units in the other (CBs being a prime rip-off item), the members howdy and exchange handles. This really isn't necessary, since most wear plastic handle badges pinned to long vests. These vests usually bear a collage of supplementary information such as "U.S.A. Drinking Team" and "You Bet Your Sweet [picture of a donkey's behind] I'm a CBer."

The back of a purple vest worn by one rather large, balding man was taken up with a rectangular patch reading "Big Jack" and "KMA." KMA, the vest's wearer explained, stands for "Kiss My Antenna," a club started by a guy in Washington after he was refused membership in existing clubs. Like many 50/50 members, Big Jack belongs to other CB clubs. He got his first unit just eight months before—saw it in a store and bought it on a whim. Today, it's the focus of his social life. Big Jack said that in eight months over CB he'd met more people than in 16 years in the Navy. Even before getting to work in the morning, he figures he talks to maybe 50 CBers.

Jack was one of several 50/50 members who checked in on The Stripper when she was sick recently. Rambler Man, Stripper's husband, was in Washington on business. Knowing that CBers were calling in to his wife hourly made Rambler Man feel better about leaving. She felt better too. The Stripper, an earthy blonde who says she really used to be one and carries a stage picture in her wallet as proof, also says that more than once she's had to get on the air with a 10-33 (emergency) when she's about to pass out or something. Never, Stripper says, have CBers failed to respond.

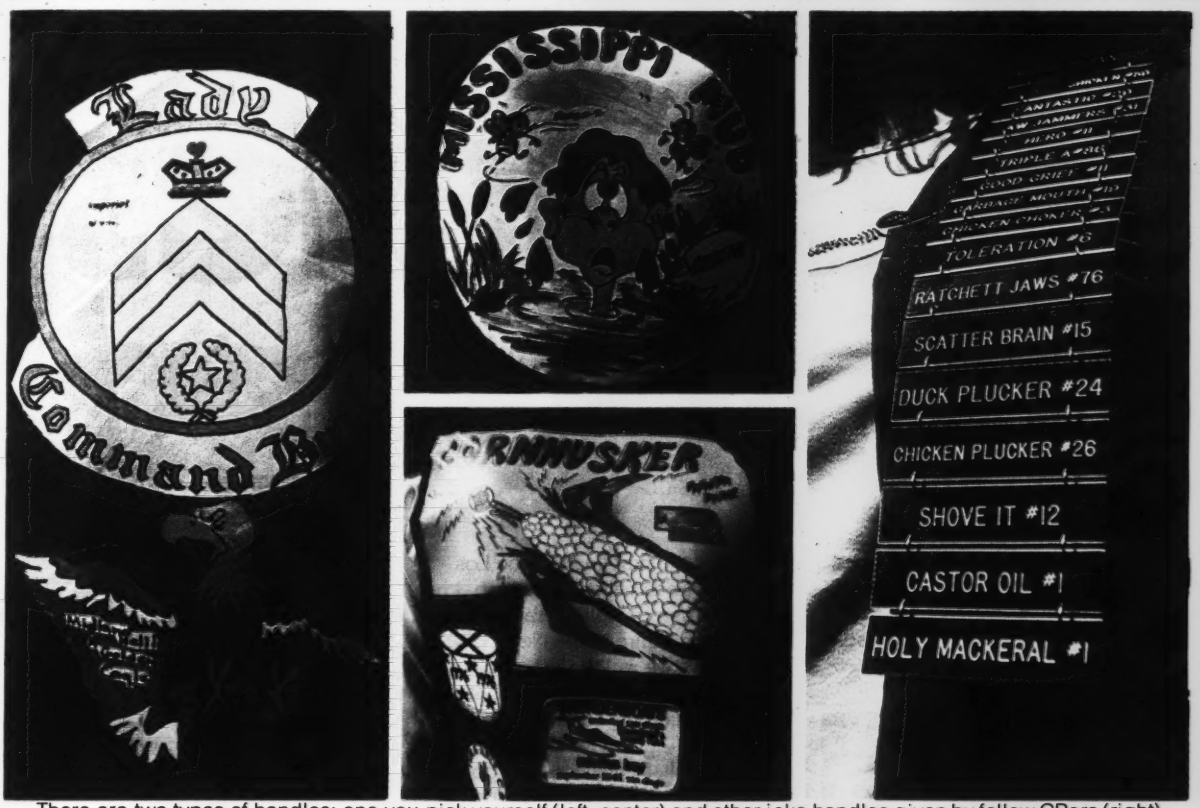
Stripper and Rambler Man, a hearty, bearded locksmith, have been involved in CB for five months. She says it's the first joint interest they've found. Their four-year-old daughter is also a CBer. "We ordered her a vest," Stripper told me, "and on the bottom it's gonna have her handle, 'Ms. Popeye,' the KMA patch—and matching slacks. Because she thinks she's really tough."

Stripper's own vest and that of Rambler Man were on order. She hoped they'd arrive by Tuesday. In July they were moving to Santa Barbara. Stripper was thankful they had a CB radio with which to make friends. "CBers all stick together," she explained, "which is actually what the whole world ought to do."

Belonging is the real point of CBing. Owning a CB unit is less important than being a CBer. Some people just buy the antenna and skip the radio. The medium has less to do with communication than community.

This is the real reason behind the lingo. Like a verbal uniform, CB talk distinguishes insiders from outsiders. As an

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOY POPIELLO



There are two types of handles: one you pick yourself (left, center) and other joke handles given by fellow CBers (right).

ad for the "First CB Slanguage Language Dictionary and Cross Reference" explains: "CB enthusiasts belong to the largest club in the world. It's like an enormous nationwide 'Grapevine,' which uses a secret code understood only by those 'in the know.' Owning a new CB radio does not automatically make one part of the 'In' crowd. Talking like a CBer does!"

The "CB Slanguage Language Dictionary" is just part of a rich variety of merchandise offered to the CB community: CB bumper stickers, CB license plate holders, CB record albums, CB jacket patches, CB lighters and CB jewelry—rings, tie tacks and cuff links for "letting others know that you are a CBer." There also are competing handle registries, several monthlies and a newsy tabloid called *CB Today* and about a dozen books on CB, covering everything from how to select your gear to what channels truckers use in various parts of the country.

The CB community is a community of interest that substitutes for a geographic one. This community is uniquely suited to a people on the move. It offers maximum identity with minimum commitment. Like gas stations by the freeway, the CB brotherhood is ez-on, ez-off. To get in, you turn your unit on. To get out, you turn it off.

An important bonus is that the medium protects your anonymity. CBers observe a careful protocol of never asking for more than a handle or first name without being invited. This community combines the virtues of an old barn-raising with the discretion of a radio talk show.

But how durable will the CB community prove? Even in my short period of monitoring I could hear handles turning over constantly—new ones appearing, old ones disappearing. More than once someone would come on the air after being off for a few weeks and say he didn't recognize the current voices or handles.

Calling "instant friendship" its main appeal, the head of an FCC CB task force told me that in his experience this appeal rarely lasts longer than a year. It's interesting to speculate whether this might happen to the craze as a whole. Perhaps in six months the airwaves will clear just as suddenly as they jammed.

For me the novelty of monitoring CB wore off in about a week. The periods of silence grew longer and longer. After a month it became a real effort to turn my CB on at all. I no longer cared that I might be missing something; I also grew sure that I wasn't. You can hear just so many "10-4's," "good modulatin' with ya's" and "guess I'll hit the old horizontal's" before you start praying for a blackout.

I never did come up with a handle. Nor did I ever transmit. Some nights I'd stare at the microphone, thinking of the power it contained. Just push down the button, hold it to your lips. . . .

But I could never think of anything to say. Which is exactly the wrong attitude. As Honda Boy says, you just say anything. Whatever comes to mind. It doesn't matter whether information is conveyed. That's not the point. The point, as HY-Gain advertises of its CB units, is that "you've got a friend."

Late one night on 14 I heard two young guys share heartfelt stories about how their dogs had died. "Sorry to end on such an unhappy note," one concluded, "but that's all in the past. Our whole future's ahead of us."

His friend said he'd been feeling weird that night, like something was about to happen. Knobs were jiggling around the house. Baseboards were creaking. It sure made him glad to have a CB. "Like if I were to die," he explained, "you'd know because I'd stop transmitting."

"Four shore." ●

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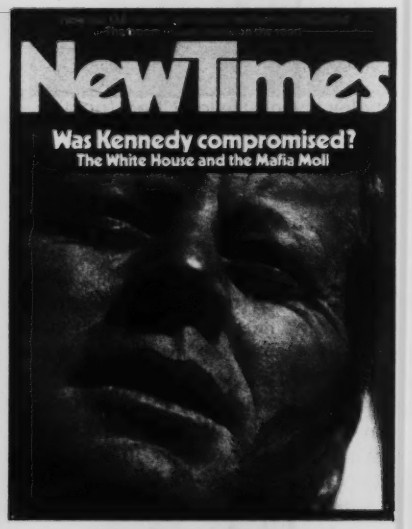

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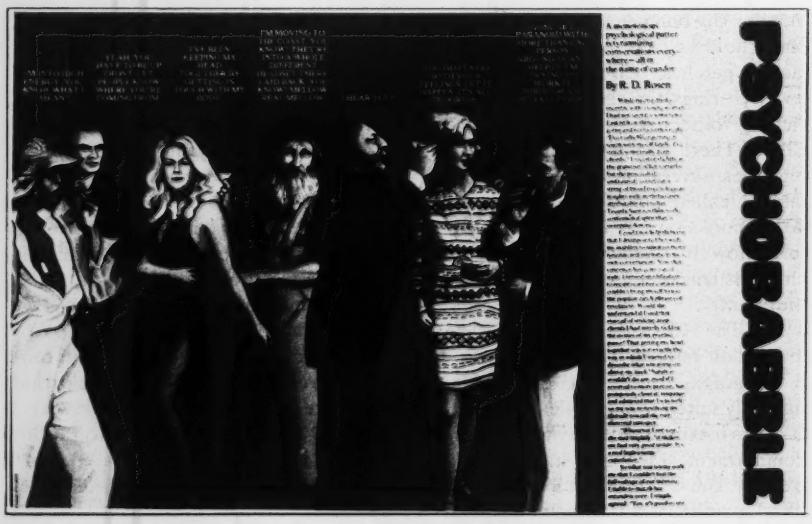

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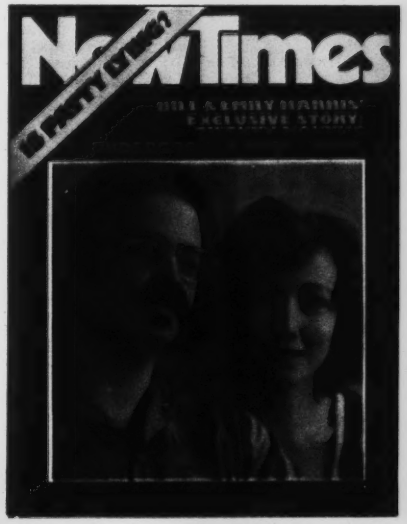

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Women who murder

Female murderers fall out of the legal system all along the way from investigation to conviction because male officials cannot believe women are violent

By Janet Kole

NewTimes
The Feature News Magazine

HOLLYWOOD

on the range

By Sheila Weller

Tom McGuane has been called everything from the Hemingway of the seventies to the Kris Kristofferson of American literature. He hunts and ranches in Montana half of each year, fishes and sails in Key West the rest; and his three novels—*The Sporting Club*, *The Bushwhacked Piano* and *Ninety-Two in the Shade*—have caused generally circumspect critics to toss out comparisons to Camus, Hemingway, Kafka and Céline. When *Ninety-Two* was first published in 1973, the *New York Times* called the then 33-year-old author "a talent of Faulknerian potential"; *The New Yorker* hailed him as "one of our best young novelists . . . approaching his apogee. From the beginning, he seemed the heir apparent."

Then, last year, a funny thing happened on the way to literary posterity. Without having put mouth to megaphone before, McGuane seized directorial control of the *Ninety-Two* screen project and became the first American novelist ever to direct the film version of his own book. He next wrote an original screenplay, *Rancho DeLuxe;* then a second, *The Missouri Breaks*, a film directed by Arthur Penn, starring Jack Nicholson and Marlon Brando, which opens in 1,000 theaters across the country on May 21.

McGuane represents a breed of writer that all but disappeared after the forties: the serious author who hires himself out to the movies (Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Lillian Hellman, Clifford Odets, S.J. Perelman, Dorothy Parker and friends) while keeping primary identity intact. Today, in a national cultural arena polarized by *The New York Review of Books* and *Variety*, you are either a screenwriter (and sometimes screenwriter-director) or you are a novelist. You cannot be both.

And so when McGuane decided to buck the rules, everyone expected some kind of one-man metaphysical *High Noon* from the self-made Marlboro Man. Could the literateur beat the movie people at their own game? Would the "heir apparent" chuck his dowry, and his prose, for the bigger-bucks glory out there in the land of Bob Evans and Sue Mengers? How're you gonna keep him down on his ranch after he's seen U.A.?

These questions still hung in the balance when I first met McGuane in New York a year ago. *Missouri Breaks* was about to be filmed. He had just finished editing *Ninety-Two* and, though the film had missed the deadline for the Cannes Film Festival, there were high expectations. (It has since received scorching reviews from the Los Angeles press and was all but buried by United Artists.)

When a critically acclaimed novelist got invited to L.A. to direct the film version of his own book, the literati screamed sellout and the studio executives reached for the Valium. Caught in the cultural backwash, Tom McGuane just keeps on turning out screenplays and working on his fourth novel

A very tall, ruggedly handsome man, McGuane was sitting on a couch in one of those heavyweight suites at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel, dressed as if for a stylish rodeo and talking movie business. But despite these cliché earmarks of media-macho phoniness, he was very much neither. In fact, he struck me as a remarkably unpostured guy—genuinely nice, for one thing; wholesome, almost. And for all his urbane hyperliteracy, there was a bit of post-adolescent hicktown awe that crept through: not gullibility, exactly, but trust. Enthusiasm. Especially when he talked about filmmaking. He loved directing *Ninety-Two*. He applauded Hollywood people's straight-ahead love for their work. He had just completed an extensive script conference with Brando and spoke of the actor as "learned, humane, extraordinary—a *really neat* man." He was looking forward to Marlon and Jack and everyone else coming to his hometown of Livingston, Montana, to shoot his movie.

"How did it go?" I ask McGuane, as I meet him outside the tiny Montana airport one sleety winter morning some months after the last *Missouri Breaks* crewman has split.

"Well," he smiles a bit ironically, "as [producer] Elliott Kastner put it: 'At least none of the pus got on the screen.' "

"People say you have to deal with the film industry as a business," he continues, gunning up his slightly battered Dodge pickup. "Well, it's a lousy business. It's worse than wildcatting for oil. The only people who are any good as 'artists' of film are the ones who've mastered a sort of controlled brutality.

"The last few weeks of the filming, I just walked around the set with my hands in my pockets, watching them all repair the holes in their egos. Brando, Nicholson, Kastner, Penn: in varying degrees they're each marvelous men, but they're silkier than any agent, absolutely Kissingeresque in moving other people around for their own egocentric game plans. Nicholson's like a Junior Chamber of Commerce executive. Brando could sell refrigerators to Eskimos. I watched him manipulate the whole company for a long time. First, he wanted his two dogs in the movie. Then, he wanted his role changed to an Indian good guy. Now how do you make a former Confederate border-ruffian-turned-contract-killer into an Indian good guy?"

Brando was not indulged on that score (whereupon he announced he was just going to walk through the role for his million and a quarter)—one of the few oc-

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

casions during the filming that he wasn't pampered. Though Arthur Penn denies that Brando dominated the shooting ("Marlon just isn't like that"), others on the set saw him as a sort of brilliant, 250-pound imp of the perverse who alternately enthralled and terrified the crew and held up shooting schedules on whim. He spent his spare time playing his conga drums, studying solar energy and foraging the prairie for live grasshoppers (one of which he slipped into the open mouth of supporting actor Randy Quaid during a take). He insisted on wearing a dress in one scene and, in another, wanted to paste his famous cue cards over actor John McLiam's face. ("But I won't be able to see," McLiam protested. "I'll cut eye holes," Marlon offered.) Brando was reclusive during the 110-degree Billings days, but at night he drank with the crew—gin, brandy, beer and wine simultaneously. After one such binge, he climbed atop his trailer, and sang and played his ukelele until 5:00 a.m.

Nicholson, who got a million for his role, kept a distance from Brando after hours. He was generous to the crew, playing Amiable Wisecracker to Brando's Sullen Eccentric. Whenever attractive local women came along, he'd flash his charming lecher's grin—forgetting, until he saw their grimaces, that he had black spirit gum smeared all over his teeth.

McGuane kept away from the set, where his script was being hacked up a bit by the commercial demands of its superstars. "We did have to alter the tone of Tom's script in certain parts," Penn admits. "And the ending was changed. And we had to increase the scenes between Brando and Nicholson and change some others according to what they could do best. After all, the script was written independently—before either Marlon or Jack was signed to star in it."

"I guess they're laughing all the way to Liberace's bank over the final movie," McGuane says now, "but I have very squinty eyes about it. In a way, I'm grateful for the whole experience. It's given me back some of my Stephen Daedelus hauteur about literature." He's immersed in his fourth novel now, "really putting my ass on the line with this one, taking risks I haven't taken in fiction before." Those risks are emotional and technical, but that's not the least of them. "If this one isn't terrific, it'll evidence my 'corruption' to the literary community. But the rub is this: if I had spent the last two years shooting heroin instead of making movies, they would have considered *that* supportive of my writing."

We cruise a stretch of highway through territory that hasn't changed much since it was part of the Lewis and Clark trail—except for one franchised chapel, where funeral eulogies are teleprompted and Elvis Presley records supply the hymns. McGuane points to the indolently sprawled mountains ahead. "That was Crow territory, that was Blackfoot. You can ride a horse all the way from the pass up there down to the Wyoming border and not see a soul."

McGuane paid the down payment on his Raw Deal Ranch with the movie-sale money from his first book. Close to friend Richard Brautigan's ranch, it spans 300 acres of mountains and hayfields.

Ranching is McGuane's centering device. "It evaporates my schizes. And I'm such a lousy rancher, it takes all my energy just to keep the thing cycling." He raises 350 tons of hay in a good season, cuts and bales it himself. He shoots all the game he eats. "I get up hours before sunrise, vanish into the mountains, come back after dark. I never think about reading. I'm like a total Neanderthal when I hunt."

I tell him that I brought bagels from Nate 'N' Al's in L.A.

"Nate 'N' Al's bagels, great! They'll go with the antelope salami. Have you ever tasted antelope salami?"

Needless to say, McGuane's home-on-the-range lifestyle is adopted. The son of New England urban Irish parents, he grew up in Michigan, was shipped around to boarding and prep schools, flunked or walked out of several colleges before making it through Michigan State. He couldn't decide whether to become a writer or a bombardier pilot ("I wanted to ride those big phantoms and stuff like that; it horrifies me now, looking back"), but the acceptance letter from Yale graduate school beat the Navy letter to his mailbox, so he chose the former. After his M.F.A. and a post-graduate fellowship from Stanford, he settled down in "redneck country," where he wrote his three novels (published between 1969 and 1973) and "where I've been happiest."

As I go with him to feed his two brandy-colored horses, McGuane explains why. "People in hick towns have a quintessence—a visibility, a preeminence in relation to their cultural back wall—that people in New York and L.A. break their asses to attain. Here, people have the dignity of scarcity. They sit around and *really study each other* all their lives long. I don't think it's an accident that the preponderance of really good American writers have all come from hick situations. There are certain kinds of connective tissues here that haven't been totally erased, a whole way of knowing who's on your block that I don't think I could live without."

This last is more than a metaphorical remark. When McGuane and his wife, Becky, broke up last year, they vowed they would never live more than walking distance from each other so that their son, Thomas Jr., eight, wouldn't feel the effects of the split. Now Becky's married to Peter Fonda and McGuane has a baby daughter with actress Margot Kidder (Fonda and Kidder played opposite each other as the stars of *Ninety-Two*, which is how Tom and Becky met them). We walk through the snow around three modified log cabins—Margot's studio, Tom's studio and son Thomas' playroom—and up a hill. McGuane points to the home Fonda just bought, almost close enough to see in the windows. "Peter's really a prince," he says. "He and Margot have made great personal sacrifices so that Tomsy could ramble back and forth. Everyone thinks there's some strange, four-way ménage going on, but it's really just two straight monogamous relationships."

Inside the two-story ranch house,

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

McGuane on his Raw Deal Ranch last summer: ranching "evaporates my schizes."

Sheila Weller is a free-lance writer who lives in New York.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

July 1973: McGuane with then-wife Becky and son Thomas on the Montana ranch. Becky now lives next-door with her new husband, Peter Fonda.

Thomas Jr., an effusive towhead, is doing coyote imitations for the benefit of his two-month-old half-sister, Maggie. Becky McGuane Fonda and Margot Kidder sit around the wood dining table in the large, suburban-modern kitchen, talking with the ease of longtime best friends. Becky is a tiny, vivacious blonde; Margot, a redhead with *Vogue* magazine cheekbones and a wry, spunky, unaffected manner. A successful actress (*Sisters, The Great Waldo Pepper, The Reincarnation of Peter Proud*), she lived in Malibu for the last few of her 27 years.

McGuane wipes his boots off in the washing-machine room that serves as the house's entrance hall. "Hi, darling. Hi, Becker. Hi, Tomsy. Hey there, sweetie pie." He is less the patriarch overlooking his brood than one of the gang.

Becky launches into a very precise, animated account of how she and Tomsy will get themselves, two dogs and two cats on three planes from here to Key West the next day (Fonda will join her later; Margot, McGuane and the baby will be down within a month). Margot swings the baby over her shoulder and, cigarette dangling from her mouth, heats up the formula and announces that one of the dogs just demolished the last of the antelope salami. McGuane starts whittling on the powder horn he's making to go with his 60-inch-long muzzle-loading Flintlock (which he shows me with schoolboy pride).

Later, Margot fries up a deer steak (when she was living in Malibu, the most she did was boil hot dogs) while McGuane feeds the baby. "God, darling," he says, with mock horror, "what if Maggie turns out to be a 4-H Girl? Or a Future Farmer of America?"

"That's okay," Margot answers. "As long as she doesn't start chewing tobacco before she's 11."

McGuane didn't really intend to become a director—of his own book-turned-movie or anyone else's. *Ninety-Two*'s producer, Elliott Kastner, was talking deals with a lot of big directors—Altman and Peckinpah among them—but all wanted script changes that McGuane wouldn't abide. He'd seen his first book, *The Sporting Club*, mucked up on the screen by Larry Peerce, so "one day, when Kastner and I were talking, I had this hubristic moment when I shouted, '*I'll* direct it myself.' I didn't expect to be taken up on it."

But he was. And that's when the terror started. "Actually," he recalls, "the first day I went out on the set I was *past* being scared. The fear had been so enormous some days before that I was left with this strange sense of neutrality, and all this tremendous energy. I just blasted and blasted, until I finally saw it was gonna go, I was gonna be okay, I was gonna see dailies, I was gonna . . . be a filmmaker.

"So I suddenly sort of slumped with relief. And the first thing I noticed was that the whole company started to slump along with me. I discovered that there's a very intricate, symbiotic thing going on between the director and the company. You *can't believe* it at first. You figure with this big hurtling machine of 45 people, equipment, cameras, trucks, it's all going to ramble on without you. But it's not true. The minute you start feeling tired or disinterested or thinking of something other than the film, the whole thing can fall apart right in front of your eyes *that hour.*"

Despite the lack of studio backing and McGuane's utter inexperience with the craft, he'd amassed a high-budget cast that flew down to Key West in the fall of '74 to make the movie on sublime faith and deferred payments. Admittedly, aside from Burgess Meredith and Sylvia Miles, the ensemble was something of a family affair to begin with (Elizabeth Ashley was involved with McGuane at the time; Warren Oates is a rancher neighbor—they've just purchased another 700 acres together; Harry Dean Stanton, like Ashley, was in *Rancho DeLuxe*), and, by way of Kidder and Fonda, the group became considerably more familial as the shooting days rolled on. Yet their rapture for McGuane's genius was sincere, not to mention well-publicized. Reporters wrote of the novice director's "charisma"; hot on the heels of Ashley's abundant and outspoken interviews about her personal life, McGuane became known as this, well, this sort of glamorous counterculture Renaissance Man from America's back acres; the rugged literateur with sex appeal who had marshaled some of Hollywood's finest away from their own system to set up a film tribe à la Cassavetes or Altman.

McGuane found filmmaking "a slower medium, cerebrally; you can't telegraph like you can in fiction." He dismissed the medium's technological mystique as "something that's really been exaggerated to form a club that will frighten people away. Orson Welles said, 'You can learn everything you need to know technically about film in ten minutes,' and it's true." The whole process, McGuane says, "was like using a

crazier, more charged-up typewriter."

"Oh, cut it out and get back to your serious work!" scolded McGuane's novelist friend Fred (*A Fan's Notes*) Exley, while Hollywood's long-apprenticing A.D.s grew hostile and green in the face. As the literary chauvinists readied the F. Scott Fitzgerald Memorial Coffin for McGuane's presumably Hollywood-debauched soul, the folks on the other end were waiting to bait him, too. "There were a lot of Hollywood people, from film student types on up, who were gleeful for *Ninety-Two* to be a fiasco," McGuane sensed.

The movie opened in Los Angeles to smashing hostility and words like "amateur" and "sophomoric." Though it got some good reviews in other cities, United Artists took the hometown cue and slipped it into showcase runs at $1-all-day-double-feature theaters where people sneak in with brown bags to snore away for a few hours. A spokesman at U.A.'s publicity department admitted that the company had all but buried it, giving it no ads or promotional budget. But the Eastern critics championed the proseman as one of their team; the *New York Times*' two critics both liked it, with Vincent Canby calling it too intelligent and independent, too "full of odd, headstrong, seemingly disconnected moments that only a novelist would dare."

Personally, I preferred McGuane's original, literary dare. The bite and texture of his prose-poem to Key West would have been a risky translation job for any director, but his own retelling seemed arty and thin, a shortchange on his own work. One of McGuane's literary gifts is making the frankly poetic astringent and fierce; another is playing out an almost encyclopedic vocabulary of unrepeated images and metaphors without the one slack step that would make you hear the flap of his cape. In the movie, Key West's landscape supplied a more facile kind of visual "poetry" which he didn't seem to have the practice to work the camera against.

McGuane has heard this kind of criticism. He says: "Somebody asked me to sum it all up, and I paraphrased Castro: 'I think history will absolve me.' In ten years, it'll be accepted as a really fine film. But right now, it bothers me that people don't see things in it that I do."

The disillusionment shows. When I talked to him last year, he was enthusiastic about American filmmakers, citing Altman, Rafelson, Scorsese and Hal Ashby in particular. "What I love about these guys' work is the dynamism you can see between their control and what

"Nicholson's like a Junior Chamber of Commerce executive. Brando could sell refrigerators to Eskimos"

they're getting back," he had said. "You feel they're selecting out of the continuum of their skulls, 24 hours a day, just like a novelist does."

Now he says, "The fact of the matter is this: movie art in America is an uncommon load of shit. Coppola, who has this great reputation, is just a pop storyteller, the Edna Ferber of film. Altman is burned out; an old pro making stoned movies, a sort of broker between the business and the avant-garde; I love his movies, but they're the *same* movie over and over again. And Marty Scorsese is about the best we have, but he's so fucking middlebrow it's unbelievable."

Despite this cynicism, or perhaps to overcome it, McGuane plans to try again. His disillusionment with movie politics and popular standards hasn't turned him off directing. After he finishes his novel and the espionage screenplay he's writing for David Merrick, McGuane goes to work on a new writing-directing deal he has signed with U.A. He knows this schizoid career—and juggling of his self-inspired work with the commissioned projects—is "taken by the enemy as signs of my superficiality." His own publisher, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, has "deplored everything I've ever done with movies."

"In terms of literary careermanship, the safe thing is to publish a novel every five years and teach creative writing at Stanford. Then no one calls you a hack. But if I could pick my accusers, I'd rather be nailed for selling out." As for these accusers themselves: "Most novelists I know have a real moth-and-candle relationship with movies. They go on and on about how they despise them, but that act can be busted with one phone call. The minute they get the first little tendril of interest from a director, they go *apeshit* running around, trying to get next to a movie situation. It's really a joke."

McGuane's been hugged to the bosom of the New York intellectual elite, but he is hardly of their ilk—a fact that is obvious as you watch him bopping around the living room in his jeans and flannel shirt, strumming his mandolin and crooning to Bob Marley and the Wailers and Merle Haggard and Waylon Jennings with unself-conscious giddiness.

"When you sit around with literary people, it's essentially a bummer," he says. "This refined 1950s Calvinist posture about what one *ought* to like, all this spinsterish scheming and power-mongering. *The New York Review of Books* is a sort of monument to a certain kind of cultural petulance that *I can't fucking stand.*"

He's not impressed by the film elite, either. "Hollywood is really the corniest town. All those boozers in their denim leisure suits and gold jewelry, they're positively Eisenhoweresque in their dowdiness. Ten thousand people all rubbing baby oil over each other around the clock, all obeying the cosmic L.A. monosyllabic film industry grunt."

Over a dinner of antelope stew and bagels, the talk turns to seventies culture and the different glamour hierarchies that control it. Margot and I take the movies-have-usurped-books stand. This troubles McGuane. "I don't think that literature for its own sake is dying," he says. "At least, I *hope* not. Besides, in terms of impact, what movie person can you think of who's been more of a cultural Pied Piper over the last ten years than Kesey or Brautigan?"

I mention his own . . . something-in-law, Fonda. Along with Hopper in *Easy Rider*.

He considers this a minute, then says: "I don't know. Maybe it's a function of living here in Montana, but I think the

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY ELLEN MARK

On the set of *The Missouri Breaks*, Jack Nicholson played Amiable Wisecracker to Brando's Sullen Eccentric.

farther we get into the seventies, the more the whole glamour profession thing is dying. Novelists were the first to go. Movie people bore the tits off young people anywhere in the world. Even rock 'n' rollers are looking a little flyblown and worn out. People are just not buying that stuff anymore. I think it's coming to a point where everyone's gonna have to think of himself the way a plumber or a cook or an accountant does."

A few hours later, McGuane looks up from the powder horn he's been whittling and says he's thinking of enrolling in horse veterinary classes at Montana State University. "But what I'd really like to do is travel with the Rolling Thunder Revue and write about how Bob Dylan has become the Ed Sullivan of our times."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY ELLEN MARK

During the shooting, Brando spent his spare time playing conga drums, studying solar energy and foraging for live grasshoppers.

This notion of finding one's way home from the wide-open options of seventies life is something that's been occupying him a lot lately. The next day, I sit in his comfortable wood cabin of a studio while he takes a break from his novel, which circles that theme.

"It's sort of about . . . well, imagine Alice Cooper, say, trying to 'go home again'—trying to construct a viable, metaphysically sound life after having exploded his intestines for civilization's delectation over the last ten years. There are certain kinds of lives you can lead in this culture that are built on sustained rushes. And at the end of that rush, the Man comes around and presents you with a terrifying bill. My novel starts with the presentation of that bill."

McGuane's been wondering some about his own "bill" lately. His younger sister died a year ago; he remembers sitting in her hospital room, "looking at my books on her bedstand, and getting this horrible suspicion that I may have burned up some of what ought to go to her. It's like"—he squints, uncomfortably—"there's something *fishy*, some cloud hanging up there waiting for me. I've seen it once in a while on coke jags. Not an O'Neillian curse, but some . . . little X factor that's there to remind me that no matter how many times I stay at the Beverly Hills Hotel or how much correspondence I have with the Time-Life Building, *there's still something in here*"—he points to his head—*"that's nuts.*

"Anyway, all these things I've dodged, for survival purposes, for years, I'm looking at now, trying to make into a book. It's very explosive, very weird, very hard to live with, because I'm not going to those places where I can comfortably balance myself anymore. I'm going to the places under the scar tissue, where the pain is."

This will be a departure for McGuane. His first three novels, which he views as a trilogy, are all male rite of passage stories, featuring restless, hip young romanticists who seize upon the bankrupt macho honor code as a last resort against total alienation. As affecting as they show McGuane to be as a master of irony and lyricism, a surrealist and a critic of American culture, none has really touched bottom emotionally.

With book number four, he knows "it's put up or shut up time." For the first time, he's writing in the first person, "which is like writing with one hand tied behind my back," and he's made the conscious decision that "every time I'm tempted to do something for tour de force reasons, for the effect of sheer writing, I'm going to reject it." He worries: "Oh, God, do I really want the book printed? And what if it turns out to be perfectly awful?"

Yet he's prepared for that possibility, however unlikely it is. "Everything that's happened with those movies—the bad reviews of *Ninety-Two*, watching myself become usurpable as a screenwriter on *The Missouri Breaks*—has given me a sort of fundamental 'fuck it.' I mean"—he points to the *Missouri Breaks* poster, from which his name has been omitted—"it's very strange when you make up a phrase and write a whole script and watch the whole project pass right out of your hands. I don't know one filmmaker who's free—not just as an artist, but as a workman—the way a novelist is free. To do a film, you have to live right up the ass of the industry: hustling and dealing and fondling all day and night. And then you get the piss kicked out of you in the War of Attrition waged by the producer-distributor entity.

"Like, here's what they do. They call you up and they say"—he affects an unctuous, congratulatory voice—" 'Tom, I've seen the print and it's your movie. It's all yours.' And the minute you hear that, you *know* there's this big caboose coming up—like they want you to fly to New York right away to rewrite the entire last hour because somebody else wants it changed."

But right now—sitting in this heated cabin amidst the saddles and maps and mounted fish, talking about the books Tom's been reading (Knut Hamsun, Fielding, Gide, Turgenev, Indian anthropology); watching the horses swat the snow with their tails; discussing the contemporary authors he likes (Didion, Brautigan, McMurtry, Walker Percy—"writers with soul, not literary technocrats")—right now, the whole denim leisure suit world of the L.A. monosyllabic grunt is far away.

He goes to fork hay to the horses. Then, back in the house, the phone rings.

"Oh, hiya Bob," Tom says, loud and pleasant. "Uh, huh, uh huh, uh huh," he nods solicitously, while, through miles of wire, a faraway L.A. voice heartily kvels: "I've seen it, Tom. It's your movie. *The Missouri Breaks* is nobody's movie but yours. . . ."

"Oh, God," Tom sighs, hanging up the phone. "A monster caboose is coming up. Darling, how should I handle it?"

"Ask them for money," Margot says. "Say you won't do any rewrites unless they give you more money."

But right now, McGuane just picks up his whittling knife and his powder horn and goes over to the stereo and flips over the Merle Haggard record. ●

Movies

Music of the fears

By Richard Corliss

As American society continues its collapse toward the political Center, world cinema moves toward the psychological extremes. Film, which used to synthesize our dreams, now catalogues our nightmares, using as protagonists the starkest human archetypes: homicidal men and suicidal women. In the right hands (Sophocles, Shakespeare, that crowd), the descent into the unraveling mind can be an enlightening trip that exposes the madman in each of us crying for release. But too many good filmmakers have lately settled for depicting marginal psychotics in isolated case histories. The disappointing result is melodrama instead of tragedy, dynamite acting instead of universalized characters. The movie screen becomes a window into Bedlam instead of a mirror into ourselves.

Ingmar Bergman's great strength has been in defining the alienation of his age, and for all time. What he first saw as the crisis of belief in God (*The Seventh Seal, Through a Glass Darkly*, etc.) he now realizes is man's inability to believe in himself. From *Persona* through *Cries and Whispers* and *Scenes from a Marriage*, the Bergman protagonist has been a woman in search of her identity, stripping away succeeding masks of civility and self-control to discover the demon force—or frightened soul—within. When Bergman is working at top form, he can shape this search into the stuff of high dramatic art. In his new **Face to Face**, however, Bergman seems to have identified himself so closely with the mental anguish of Jenny, his heroine, that he proved unable to impose a dramatic structure on it. It makes the movie painful to watch—painful because of the hold this character has taken on Bergman the man, submerging the sensibility of Bergman the artist. You get the feeling that he could have made more of Jenny if he had felt less deeply for her. In being true to life he's betrayed his art.

Jenny Isaksson (Liv Ullmann) is at first an appealing, vulnerable and familiar figure: the bright professional woman who is also a nice little girl. She has a successful husband, a bright teenage daughter, an appreciative lover. With a smile of slightly pained gentility, an amiability that keeps its distance and an aversion to confrontation (with herself as well as with others), Jenny seems the very model of a modern psychiatrist, inviting her patients to pour their confidences into the vacuum of her spirit. But her copelessness becomes apparent when she visits her grandparents' home and stays in the room she occupied as a young girl. Horrifying dreams (dominated by a dignified, one-eyed death figure) haunt Jenny's sleep; and she suffers what Bergman has described as a "shockingly quick breakdown," gobbling down a bottleful of sleeping pills like a ravenous child at the cookie jar. *Face to Face* chronicles this breakdown and Jenny's "agonizing rebirth" at which her friend Tomas (Erland Josephson) acts as a kind of omniscient midwife.

Josephson comforts Liv Ullmann at a desperate moment in *Face to Face*.

Skeptics may find that Bergman is indulging in some sexist *freudenschade* over the failure of psychoanalysis; Jenny is, after all, a woman psychiatrist who goes crazy and is "cured" by a gynecologist. But this is to miss the point (and the crippling flaw) of the film, which takes the form of an extended analysis: the dream trauma is presented, then discussed and purged. Where Bergman fails his subject is in swamping the moviegoer with dozens of Jenny's fears and resentments: childhood traumas (her grandmother, seemingly so sweet, was a mean woman who locked four-year-old Jenny in a closet), professional insecurity (in a dream, one of Jenny's patients peels her own face off) and a fear of death (she dreams of being cremated alive). And Bergman introduces them so late in the film—really as footnotes to the dream sequences—that the viewer is in the position of an undergrad psych student taking dictation from his long-winded professor. This welter of biographical detail is tough enough to assimilate, let alone understand. If *Face to Face* leaves the viewer confused, it's not his fault; Bergman is confused, too. The death figure may be taken as Jenny's nightmare version of her grandmother. But we may also see two sides of Bergman in *Face to Face*: Jenny as Bergman the author, struggling to exorcise his demons, and Tomas as Bergman the director, providing a comforting and slightly ironic perspective. In this schizophrenic battle, Jenny wins—which makes for good therapy and bad dramaturgy.

Wendy Keys has called *Face to Face* "the thinking man's *Exorcist*"—which may be the best way to look at it: as a grown-up's horror story. Taken on these terms, Liv Ullmann's performance is bravura acting at its most rewarding, and Bergman respects Ullmann's development of Jenny's mad scenes enough to shoot them in single takes of five, seven, eight minutes. But as admirable as the actress' work is, it can impress only as acting; we're moved not by the revelation of character but by the

exhibition of superlative technique. Actresses love these roles (like Gena Rowlands' in *A Woman Under the Influence* and Isabelle Adjani's in *The Story of Adele H.*), and not just because they seem to be about the only substantial movie roles being written for women nowadays. They draw on (and probably drain) the actress' own personal strengths and weaknesses; they're not only exhausting but therapeutic, like est at its best. But I don't know that these performances are therapeutic for the audience. The response is not "Wasn't that great?" but "Wasn't *she* great?" *Face to Face* isn't Bergman's triumph, it's Liv Ullmann's triumph over him. And, because the film can't justify her sublime histrionics, it's a victory in a void.

Like Bergman, Ken Russell sees the human personality as a mystery begging to be explained, unlocked, solved, like an animated rebus. But whereas Bergman creates characters and builds case histories around them, Russell straps real-life artists down on his couch and tries to beat out of them a confession that Art ever imitates Life. In his TV films, and later his movies, Russell has run (more or less amok) through Prokofiev, Elgar, Bartok, Debussy, Delius, Richard Strauss, Tchaikovsky and Liszt; and the critical response to these blithely hysterical musical biographies has been an outraged "Who does Ken Russell think he is?" Most deplorable, these Looney Tunes lives of the great composers. It's only when Russell ransacks the works of mere songwriters—Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend*, Pete Townshend's *Tommy*—that the culture mavens admit to the director's loopy, torrential energy. Their subtext is easy to read: "Pumping up (even exploding) pop icons is OK, but drawing Day-Glo graffiti on the monuments of high art is sacrilege."

The problem here is that *The Boy Friend* and *Tommy* are Russell's two least interesting films; they're both thin and flabby, without passion or point. Russell obviously needs artists of major classical stature to confront, satirize, celebrate. He needs to feel he's doing something naughty. And he must be doing something right: in a decade whose siren song is the cynical yawn, Russell has shown that rare talent to bemuse. This talent can be dangerous to a filmmaker; it can turn into a compulsion to shock for schlock's sake, and Russell's images sometimes have nothing more going for them than indecent overexposure. The danger to the critics is that his films can be too easily dismissed as the excesses of facile showmanship, and that Russell will be seen only as a merchant of sensation—the dilly Dali of the cinema.

A character in Vladimir Nabokov's *Pnin* says that "Dali is Norman Rockwell's twin brother kidnapped by gypsies in babyhood"—a draftsman on acid. You could say that Ken Russell is some nutty lineal descendant of Cecil B. De Mille, with both directors rewriting history in the outsized flourishes of movie super-realism. Moses or Mahler, Samson or Delius: no biblical or musical figure is too imposing, too sacrosanct, to be blown up to movie-screen size and reduced to moral cliché. Both filmmakers have sold midcult religious and artistic values to nocult audiences in the time-honored Hollywood tradition: by transforming ideas and feelings into vibrant pulp images. De Mille and Russell will be remembered less as educators than as

Robert Powell as Gustav Mahler in Ken Russell's latest music lover film.

superb illustrators—the one predating camp, the other reveling in it. Alas, De Mille eventually fell victim to smugness (that sclerosis of Hollywood veterans), but the malady is unlikely to incapacitate Russell. If he starts to feel the symptoms, he'll have a ready remedy: to turn from biography to autobiography, and make an irreverently narcissistic movie about himself.

In a way, *Mahler* (completed in 1974, before *Tommy* and *Lisztomania*, but only now released in the U.S.) is that movie. Not that Russell has made explicit biographical connections between his creative life and Mahler's; but Russell does show a sympathetic understanding of the Austrian composer-conductor that borders on idealized identification. And there are some apt artistic correspondences. In their respective disciplines, each could be called "the last romantic," because against the prevailing coolness, each dared to extol the supremacy of the soul and the senses. Formally, they're both experimental conservatives: as Mahler made revolutionary use of the traditional diatonic scale, so has Russell extended the commercial-film vocabulary with his orgasmo-parodic dream sequences. Mahler liked to quote Nietzsche's remark that "music scatters pictures like sparks," and wrote detailed literal descriptions of the images his songs and symphonies were meant to evoke; for Russell, everything in a given composer's work is program music, and every cadenza reveals a new open wound in the artist's psyche. Russell's visualizations of Mahler's music makes the film an R-rated *Fantasia*.

If *Mahler* often succeeds where other Russellographies have embalmed or embarrassed their subjects, it may be due to the perfect casting of Gustav Mahler as a Russell hero. Bruno Walter recorded these first impressions on meeting the composer in 1894: "Mahler, in aspect and gesture, seemed at once genius and demon; suddenly life took on a romantic quality. . . . Never had I encountered so intense a human being." Perhaps because the moody, magnetic, frail, passionate, death-obsessed Mahler so admirably suits Russell's horny-schoolgirl notion of the artistic temperament, Russell doesn't feel the usual need to jack up every emotion to a grotesque pitch. His fantasy scenes are as symphonically voluptuous as ever: Mahler sees his wife, Alma, as a chrysalis writhing out of her cocoon; Mahler, like Bergman's Jenny, dreams of being trapped alive inside his own coffin; his conversion to Catholicism is depicted as a Nazi purification rite administered by Cosima Wagner as a goose-stepping Valkyrie. But Russell makes a clear distinction between these cartoon blasphemies and the body of the film, which describes—respectfully and affectionately, and with a certain autumnal melancholy—the lifelong strain between Mahler and Alma, and their final reconciliation.

Like *Face to Face*, *Mahler* takes place on three time planes: the present (1911, as Gustav and Alma take their last train ride, and Alma decides not to leave him for a lover), the past (his memories of an unhappy childhood and an idyllic early marriage with Alma) and

the conditional (his fantasies). For once Russell seems to be in control of his film's tone, because he's moving with the composer's spirit instead of wrestling with it. At bottom, *Mahler* is an old-fashioned love story. It could be about a composer who stifled his wife's artistic ambitions only to win her back by declaring, "My music is my love for you; my music *is* you. As long as my music lasts, our love will last." Or it could be about Russell, the Zap Comix mannerist, and his wife, Shirley, whose extravagant design sense he liberated by having her create the costumes for *Mahler*. It could be about a lot of couples.

Russell seems determined to act out most of William Blake's Proverbs of Hell ("The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," "Exuberance is beauty," etc.) and, if challenged that Life—even a composer's life—isn't like that, might respond by quoting Bruno Walter's description of Mahler's funeral: "On May 18, 1911, he died. Next evening as we laid the coffin in the cemetery at Grinzing, a storm broke and such torrents of rain fell that it was almost impossible to proceed. An immense crowd, dead silent, followed the hearse. At the moment when the coffin was lowered, the sun broke through the clouds."

Who does God think he is? Ken Russell?

MUSIC

Jazz

Not so crazy after all these years

By Frank Conroy

Thelonius Monk began playing in New York in the 1930s and scrabbled around from one piano job to another for many years, just barely getting by. In terms of technique he was not, apparently, a particularly impressive player. His fingering was odd, and he had trouble sight reading. But he was already composing tunes like "Round Midnight" (written in 1937, when he was 19), which were to become standards, and experimenting with new approaches to traditional forms like the blues, which would change the course of jazz. At the simplest level, his compositions are marked by a sense of great care, a scrupulous attention to detail and an almost fastidious orderliness. One imagines him as a young man putting in long hours writing at the piano, refining each tune until it was absolutely perfect, without a single ambiguous chord change or an ounce of fat in the melody, to somehow make up for his deficiencies as a player.

But if he had never mastered the Czerny exercises, or for that matter even heard of them, he undoubtedly learned a lot about how to play the piano at Minton's, the famous jazz club in Harlem where he worked for many years, where bebop was born and where the great men of the age sat in almost every night. Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Kenny Clarke, Oscar Pettiford and a few others created bop at Minton's, and many of the best musicians in the city came to listen and learn. Bebop was a reaction against swing, Dixie and white commercial music in general, a highly sophisticated kind of music involving rapid chord changes, the use of the flatted fifth in melody, unison horn lines over complicated rhythm figures and extensive improvisation. Bud Powell, second only to Art Tatum as a virtuoso, came to play, and Monk learned from him. He learned, and yet he kept on playing his own way; he was never one for cutting contests (a sort of musical *mano a mano* in which two players attempt to outdo each other).

BLACK STAR

During the late fifties and sixties, Monk played at The Five Spot, a New York club.

When jazz moved downtown to Fifty-Second Street, Monk went along—not as a headliner but as a sideman to Gillespie and others. It was not an entirely happy period. Many players felt uncomfortable with Monk. His tendency to recast standard tunes in his own harmonic mold was not appreciated by less adventurous players who wanted the traditional backup chords in familiar voicings. Monk persevered, continuing his idiosyncratic exploration of the keyboard. If he couldn't get as many gigs as some of the others from Minton's, he could go home and compose.

There are the ballads—"Round Midnight," "Ruby My Dear"—full of lyrical feeling and containing some of the most exquisitely constructed bridges ever written. The blues—"Misterioso," "Straight No Chaser," "Blue Monk," etc.—sly, deceptively simple lines, phrased and syncopated in such a way as to pivot on all the little corners and (ordinarily) empty spaces of the 12 bar form. The jazz tunes—"Well You Needn't," "Bemsha Swing," "Epistrophy" and dozens more—highly original statements with an almost didactic emphasis on clear and open structure. Monk's compositions, which seemed hyper-modern and forbiddingly private to many listeners in the forties and fifties, are now understood to be direct, logical extrapolations of what had come before, and masterfully intuitive previews of what was to follow.

All his life Monk has been an off and on performer, appearing for a week or two in public and then withdrawing into seclusion for many months at a time. But in the summer of 1957 he was more than ordinarily active, working at a club in New York called The Five Spot. Something happened that summer, and Monk, who was playing his own music very much as he had been playing it for almost 30 years, was abruptly propelled into national celebrity. Jazz fans, college kids and middle-class whites, listening to him night after night, began to discern the full extent of his influence on jazz music, and to realize it had quietly been there all along. The media, attracted by the mixture of Monk's importance as a seminal figure and his strange personal habits on and

off the bandstand, wrote him up as a weird, primitive genius. He appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine. He became a certified culture hero.

The fifties were a decade of conformity (think of the Modern Jazz Quartet in their grey flannel suits). Monk's habit of never looking at the audience seemed odd at the time—vaguely subversive to those who read too much into it. His reluctance to talk to the people was misunderstood as hostility, and his occasional off-stage pantomimes of playing the fool, which were at times quite witty, were not understood at all—the self-deprecating humor was too subtle. In retrospect, the strange behavior does not seem all that outrageous. At The Five Spot, he would often appear, and play, in a sailor hat. (Hats have always had some special significance to beboppers—at Minton's they wore berets.) I remember a night when Charlie Rouse was in the midst of a particularly stunning saxophone solo. Monk got up from the piano, moved to the side of the bandstand, closed his eyes and turned in place while he listened, like a child trying to make himself dizzy. He has always been a notorious pacer, walking back and forth from one end of a room to the other for no apparent reason. People used to say he was crazy, burnt out by drugs, but it seems more likely that some of these habits are the device of a particularly shy man to insulate himself from his surroundings. Monk doesn't like to talk, and he doesn't like to deal with people who want to talk to him. Better to come on a little weird and be left alone. His reticence carries over into his relationship with the press. With very few exceptions he simply refuses to talk to reporters or submit to interviews. Friends and acquaintances describe him as a man of few words, but they say he knows exactly what's going on at all times. (Monk is rumored to have said about some black musicians younger than himself, "I taught these cats to be crazy, but they're overdoing it.")

His tendency to retreat remains marked. Not so long ago he spent something like a year at the New Jersey estate of the Baroness (a famous patroness of the jazz arts), cooped up in his private suite, apparently doing little else but eating, sleeping, listening to music and watching TV. "Monk's been in bed for a year," a famous bass player and Minton's old boy is reported to have said at the end of this period. "I'm going out there and kick his ass." Apparently it often takes outside action to rouse Monk from his periods of lethargy.

It was, then, truly a special event when Monk played Carnegie Hall recently, his only concert of the year aside from an appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival, scheduled for June 30. Monk ambled out from the wings, took his place at the grand piano, set the tempo and began to play. Although the program listed only his name, he was not alone. The instrumentation was traditional—the classic jazz quintet, rhythm and two horns. Thelonius Jr., drums; Larry Ridley, bass; Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet; and Paul Jeffrey on tenor sax.

As one familiar Monk tune after another drifted out over the hall, it struck me that Thelonius, who could certainly have assembled a quintet of superstars with one phone call, chose to play with steady, journeymen musicians instead, and that there was a connection between that fact and his whole approach to jazz. The emphasis is always on structure rather than virtuosity, and the impact of the ensemble as a whole is always more important than any single player (including Monk himself) blowing over a rhythm section. If players like Oscar Peterson, for example, seem to

JODIE · JODIE · JODIE
ANGEL · ANGEL · ANGEL · ANGEL
GASOLINE ALLEY · GASOLINE ALLEY · GASOLINE
MAGGIE MAY · MAGGIE MAY · MAGGIE MAY · MAGGIE
YOU WEAR IT WELL · YOU WEAR IT WELL · YOU WEAR IT WELL
BABY · OH! NO NOT MY BABY · OH! NO NOT MY BABY · OH! NO NOT MY BABY
STREET FIGHTING MAN · STREET FIGHTING MAN · STREET FIGHTING MAN
EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY · EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY
HANDBAGS & GLADRAGS · HANDBAGS & GLADRAGS · HANDBAGS & GLADRAGS
WHAT'S MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS · WHAT'S MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
LET ME BE YOUR CAR · LET ME BE YOUR CAR · LET ME BE YOUR CAR
PINBALL WIZARD · PINBALL WIZARD · PINBALL WIZARD
CUT ACROSS SHORTY · CUT ACROSS SHORTY
I'M LOSING YOU · I'M LOSING YOU · I'M LOSING YOU
IT'S ALL OVER NOW · IT'S ALL OVER NOW · IT'S ALL OVER NOW
AN OLD RAINCOAT · AN OLD RAINCOAT · AN OLD RAINCOAT
FOR ME · MINE FOR ME · MINE FOR ME · MINE
SAILOR · SAILOR · SAILOR · SAILOR · SAILOR
JODIE · JODIE · JODIE · JODIE · JODIE
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have created elaborate prisons for themselves, developing technique to the point of claustrophobia, Monk has staked out the opposite territory, and one of the hallmarks of his playing is how much room he seems to have. It really didn't matter that the tempos from Thelonius Jr. occasionally wavered, or that the horns were a bit ragged during "Round Midnight." The kind of obsessive polish that has become a fetish with so many post-bop groups is reduced to the proper perspective. If the music is strong enough, all other considerations pale, and Monk's music is strong.

At the end of the concert, Monk played a couple of tunes solo: "Just a Gigolo" in block chords of astonishing clarity and richness; a gentle, haunting treatment of "Ruby My Dear." What an amazing victory this shy, middle-aged, goateed jazzman has brought off! Boogie, stride, swing and bop are all brought together in his hands. He has sailed over every fad for 35 years, taking only what he needs to build his own music. He is a syncretist and a purist, and one of a very small group of musicians who have managed to create an oeuvre, a life work, from the raw materials of jazz.

There was a warm feeling in Carnegie Hall as he walked slowly off stage, dawdling a bit, nodding just once, with a barely perceptible movement of his head, to acknowledge the applause. His own band stood in the wings, clapping like mad for the grand old man, everybody smiling.

****Trident**, *McCoy Tyner* (Milestone Records M 9063). Tyner seems to be more and more influenced by Cecil Taylor. He puts that feeling into his own heroic mold in this record, but it isn't quite together yet. Serious, almost grim, this is for the advanced jazz freak only.

Books

Weasel room

By Geoffrey Wolff

The Final Days by *Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein.* Simon and Schuster (476 pp., $10.95).

Katharine Graham makes no appearance as a character in the movie version of that wonderful story of detection, *All the President's Men*, because she did not wish to. But she is one of that story's principal figures, and she does appear occasionally and crucially in Woodward and Bernstein's book of the same title. Her prominence is a function of her courage, her confidence in her employees at the *Washington Post:* if they were wrong about Nixon and his henchmen, they would lose their jobs, no doubt; she would lose her newspaper. But she followed her boy reporters deep into the canyon, perhaps into ambush, and made it out the other end. Once she asked them when they thought the whole tale would be known and told. They said that it would perhaps never be told. "Never?" she asked. "Don't tell me never."

Now, two years after the publication of *All the President's Men*, as much of the story is on the record as this country's citizens are likely to require for an informed verdict about the character and administration of Richard Nixon. If the reaction to *Newsweek*'s serialization of *The Final Days* is a just index, Woodward and Bernstein have turned over too many stones in Nixon's jungly garden, have found beneath them too many slugs. Of 28 letters to its editor published in *Newsweek*'s issue of April 19, only four found reasons to praise the excerpts. The other correspondents express their judgment of the disclosures with such modifiers as "deplorable,"

UPI

After telling his family he would resign, Nixon embraced Julie, who had maintained that her father would never resign.

"insensate," "malicious," "vicious, vindictive," "sensational," "sick, sick, sick," "pathetic" and "disgusting." The nouns are even worse: "gossip," "vultures," "the blood lust of a wild beast," "garbage" and "scum."

Having made due allowance for hypocrisy, Nixophilia and a sporting defense of the underdog, it is clear that the publication of the inside skinny about this unfortunate politician's decline has needled some very sore nerve on the body of this country. Not since the conviction of William Calley for his crimes at My Lai has there been such a puzzlingly violent reaction to news of a man's misfortune. After all, the contours of this story have long been known and many times reported: that Nixon was unstable, vindictive, a liar, confused and confusing and unhappy. This is *news?* It was told day-to-day in newspapers, and it has been repeated at considerable length in two popular books, Theodore H. White's *Breach of Faith*[1] and J. Anthony Lukas' *Nightmare: The Underside of the Nixon Years.*[2]

Woodward and Bernstein add many, many details that White and Lukas missed or ignored. (I am especially grateful for the intelligence that, like me, the President of the United States was unable to open childproof pill bottles that instruct one to *press down while turning:* his staff found teeth marks on the caps of such bottles, as on whose would they not?) I agree that in one respect they exceed in their zeal the limits of rectitude and decorum: the sexual arrangement between Richard Nixon and his wife is neither my business nor theirs, and it adds nothing to the portrait of a man we have long known to be miserable in his private as well as public associations. (To far more devastating effect the reporters tell of the awful silences that fell upon the Nix-

[1] Atheneum (373 pp., $10.95).

[2] Viking (626 pp., $15).

ons during meals, and of the formal and abstracted character of Nixon's relationship with his daughter Julie.)

The furor among reporters and readers and reviewers and columnists is in large part attributable to the way in which this story became available, the timing and strategy of its publication. It is everywhere in the news that The Stardust Twins have become rich beyond need or dream. The Redford/Hoffman movie is rightly making a splash; the paperback version of their last book is making a splash; *The Final Days* is a full selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and has been sold to a paperback reprinter for a million and a half, a nonfiction sales record and half a million more than their previous paperback sale. They are accused of selling Nixon's bones, but mostly they are envied, and especially by their peers. More seriously, they permitted *Newsweek* to do violence to their book. The magazine led its first installment with the book's most sensational episode, Nixon's infamous rug-beating, rug-chewing scene in the presence of Kissinger, who had joined his maximum leader on the floor, in prayer to their several gods. This was Nixon's unhappiest moment, and in the book it comes in its proper sequence, and surrounded by scenes of amelioration.

The book itself reveals its purpose and focus with a very different first scene, showing Fred Buzhardt and Leonard Garment flying to Florida to advise Nixon to resign nine months before he in fact resigned. This is a book about presidential advisers, especially lawyers, and about the nature of their service to their client and to us. They are the book's principal characters, and its actions are developed on their ground, which is the no-man's land between two opposing forces: a press and public clamoring to find things out, and a president fanatic in his resolution to cover things up. The protagonists are mediators between ethics and expediency, between their obligations and their appetites, between the citizens' teeth and Nixon's ass.

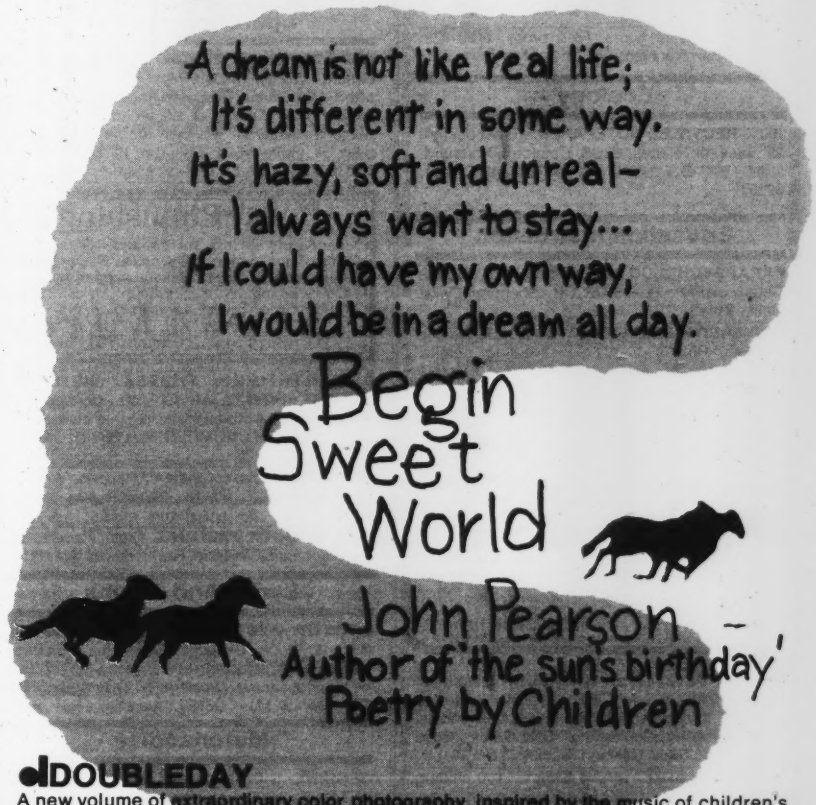
The Final Days is far more interesting and consequential than the psycho-history it has been promoted and condemned as. Psycho-history, after all, can only reveal a single man and the type he represents, and it can only do that limited thing imperfectly (if at all). *The Final Days* is about the making of decisions. James St. Clair is said to have said that watching the President make decisions was "like watching sausages being made. . . . When you saw what went into them, you lost your appetite."

If St. Clair came to have little appetite for presidential decisions, what flies and fur and mouse-turds are ground up in the sausage of his own decisions, and the decisions of his colleagues Buzhardt and Haig! These three fellows are on stage more than anyone, far more than Nixon and his family. *The Final Days* is not at all without sympathy for the Nixons. It does not gloat, and it takes pains (as *Newsweek* did not) to show that a great many people believed that Nixon acted with some forbearance and grace at the very end. But the book does terrible damage to other reputations, most notably to Kissinger's and St. Clair's.

It must be cautioned that many of the tales told out of school about the hapless St. Clair have the clear mark of Buzhardt upon them. The two mouthpieces were not friends. Most of what is revealed in *The Final Days* is by indirect quotation, and there is an alarming insouciance on the part of the authors—who make no intrusion in their tale—about revealing the thoughts of characters. Sources are not revealed, "deniability," that most prized of political possessions, is ensured and the reader is left with a complicated choice: to believe, or not to believe. I believe. The authors have a pile of money and high reputations. It would be madness for them to sacrifice their most cherished asset, their credibility, to add to the pile. Nothing that they have yet written has proved not to be so, with the exception of the few errors—none of them malicious in character—dramatized in both the movie and their own book, *All the President's Men*.

The Final Days substantially alters the received record on several crucial counts. Anthony Lukas reports that Alexander Haig's "first instinct was to consult his own mentor," Kissinger, in time of trouble. Woodward and Bernstein report that the two were wary of each other, and that Kissinger, in his jealousy at his former subordinate's elevation to Haldeman's former job as White House chief of staff, threatened to resign. (Rose Mary Woods replied to the threat: "For once, Henry, behave like a man.") The Kissinger of Teddy White's book has nice scruples about his prayer meeting with Nixon on the infamous rug. It was "heart-rending, heart-rending" Kissinger said. He was

Continued on page 70



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"reserving the conversation for his memoirs." In the Woodward and Bernstein version of this episode, Kissinger's reaction is a mixture of compassion and contempt, and he agrees to Nixon's plea for discretion. ("Henry, please don't ever tell anyone that I cried and that I was not strong") even as he betrays Nixon's confidence.

If Kissinger is as complicated in his deceptions as was the man who brought him to power, if Kissinger is *sui generis*, a man whose signature is his violation of people's expectations of him, James St. Clair, Buzhardt and Haig are exemplary time-servers. St. Clair especially entered Nixon's case in order to feather his nest and to "follow the President into the history books." *The Final Days* mercilessly strips him down and reveals his arrogance, folly and ineptitude. Leon Jaworski found his adversary to be uninformed, even dumb, much "overrated," a cog in Nixon's public relations apparatus. He was "outraged" by St. Clair's high-handed argument that the Special Prosecutor was a mere creature of the President. Buzhardt was "appalled" by the quality of St. Clair's briefs, and Peter Rodino was offended by the "incredibly sloppy, almost criminal editing of the transcripts. . . . Rodino thought that a self-respecting lawyer in St. Clair's position would have quit." (And that was his opinion *before* he heard the infamous "smoking gun" tape of June 23, 1972, the tape that St. Clair could have, should have, listened to in order to correct his unintentional lies to the House Judiciary Committee about Nixon's innocence of a Watergate cover-up.) St. Clair was "shattered that he lost" his argument before the Supreme Court for executive privilege. He actually believed he had won his case with ease, and was alone in thinking so. He was not outraged by Haldeman's request for a pardon, which Haig characterized as "blackmail" by a "criminal," and he was not shocked by the June 23 tape, at first. When he finally understood what it meant to his client's case, he finally counseled resignation. Pat Buchanan thought this "latest turnabout was based largely on a personal concern for his professional reputation."

In Teddy White's version of events, St. Clair and Alexander Haig emerge as heroes of the republic, men who brought us back from the brink and rid us of a dangerous man without performing a coup d'état against him. White's Haig was in the final days "acting president of the United States." Woodward and Bernstein do not dispute the claim; nor do they suggest that Haig's motives were less than selfless. In a way, he emerges from *The Final Days* as its most dangerous character. He was fanatically loyal to what he called the country. But for him the country was Richard Nixon, the man for whom special barber's instruments were reserved, to be used by no one else. You are not *Haig's country;* I am not *Haig's country*. Judge Sirica is not, the Supreme Court is not, Congress is not.

Haig was a soldier, a man who "did not linger over moral questions." Lukas quotes him in a characteristic response to bad news about Nixon's guilt: the President had taken "very heavy losses." But what kind of commander in chief was the toothless wolverine who, from the fastness of the Oval Office, snarled and snapped his response to word that Americans had suffered heavy casualties during a battle in Vietnam: "Oh, screw 'em." This was the patriot whom Haig defended with such valor, accusing those who doubted Nixon of failing to stay "on the team." In military terms, Haig stood shoulder-to-shoulder with the traitor, with the deserter, not with his true comrades.

When Nixon suggested to Haig and Buzhardt that a new Dictabelt might be made of the April 15, 1972, conversation with John Dean, that the President and his men might manufacture helpful evidence, Haig did not resign. He is not an ignorant man. He knew Nixon was a liar and was probably guilty, "guilty as hell," as he himself put it. Yet, like the advisers to Lyndon Johnson, Nixon's advisers found weasel room to make a case for their employer's candor. How else could they justify their places in the world, their inviolable sense of their own dignity and utility? Haig's version of disloyalty was West Point's, "deserting under fire," as though *the country* doing battle against Nixon were an enemy of *the country*.

Buzhardt, too, refused to quit. He had a nice justification. He believed that by promising to stick by the President come what might, he would encourage the President to tell the truth, however terrible the truth might be. Early in the case he said, "This is where I draw the line" (after Nixon altered and mutilated the transcripts of his taped conversations), but he was forever saying such things, much as a father says to a disobedient child: *No more mischief or you'll be punished! And* this time *I really mean it!* Buzhardt elected to use a "dilatory" strategy, to drag his feet. As a lawyer he was bound to serve his client as well as he could, but why did he feel bound to serve this client at all? (Of course every man is entitled to the best defense he can get, but Buzhardt's defense wasn't very classy, and we are here exploring the man's motives, Buzhardt's motives, not the lawyer's.) He is described as "capable of developing legal justifications for almost anything," but he also found Nixon to be "the most transparent liar he had ever met," and Nixon lied habitually to him, as he knew.

So, a question, the same question asked of many Republican congressmen by their constituents: why did Nixon merit unquestioning loyalty? When Leonard Garment finally quit what General Haig would call "the field," he thought of his own resignation as an act of "both conscience and cowardice." Why cowardice? The man he served was a criminal, as Garment knew. His crime was not a single, awful aberration, but a continuing crime against the state and its citizens. A single error could be forgiven, and would no doubt have been forgiven. It was Nixon's enduring contempt for the people who had chosen him that brought him low, his refusal to believe in anyone's decency that deprives him of any claim to the country's loyalty.

A flood of tears bespatters the pages of this account. My God, everyone seems to spend his time weeping and sobbing about Nixon's end, which everyone calls "tragic." Nixon himself surely saw it so, likening his case at his farewell speech to the case of Teddy Roosevelt, whose young wife had just died. A fall from power and an untimely death are not analogous, and it is a sign of our screwed-up sense of measure that they are perceived to be equivalent. Nixon is not a "corpse," as those letter-writers to *Newsweek* keep saying. He is a politician chucked out of power for an abuse of power, a serial abuse he would not mend. The tears shed for him seem suspiciously like a reenactment of the tears shed for John Kennedy, who was taken from office by murder. Not the same thing at all. If Haig and the rest shed their tears for themselves (as Teddy White believes), they have every right. But let us not sit weeping upon the ground, telling sad stories of the death of kings. What is sad in this story—pathetic, not tragic—is not the telling of it, but what it tells about a base and dangerous disruption of common sense in the exercise of our servants' loyalty.

Food

Oh, fiddleheads!/By Lisa Alther

Fiddleheading is a spring rite indulged in by those lucky enough to survive the winter and mud season in Vermont. In late April, when trillium are pushing up through the forest floor, the Winooski River Valley of central Vermont begins to fill up with crazed fiddlehead pickers. These pale people, who have been cooped up for months, start out blinking bemusedly in the sun, but end up barefoot and sunburned and picnicked and loaded down with bulging sacks full of fiddleheads.

The "fiddlehead" is the young, unopened shoot of a fern, so-called because its top curls in a spiral that resembles the scroll end of a fiddle. Virtually the first green vegetable available in the spring, fiddleheads, along with dandelion greens and nettles, were an iron-rich staple for anemic New England settlers whose winter stores were dwindling. As recently as the early 1900s, vendors sold fiddleheads by the wagonload in cities of the Northeast each spring.

Because of the countercultural interest in wild foods, because of inflation and soaring food prices, because of recent mention in epicure magazines, the venerable tradition of fiddleheading is coming back into vogue. Vermonters are picking large quantities for fresh eating, canning, freezing and just for the fun of it. The Grand Unions in Burlington carry fiddleheads in season. And several exclusive restaurants in Montreal serve fresh fiddleheads in the spring. Many specialty food stores in the Northeast carry Belle of Maine canned fiddleheads.

Among the most avid fiddlehead pickers are Don and Avis Briggs of Old Orchard Beach, Maine, who grew up harvesting the shoots from family patches. During a trip to Vermont they discovered the Winooski Valley. On either side rose the Green Mountains. All around them was pastureland. And on the flood plains of the Winooski River, thanks to an ideal combination of damp sandy soil, shade and fertilization from spring floods, grew forests of ferns higher than Don's head. Don and Avis have been picking the valley for 20 years now, originally for themselves and their friends. But for the last six years, along with 15 helpers, they've harvested around 25 tons each season and have become the sole supplier for a fiddlehead canning factory in Maine. The pickers, local schoolchildren and housewives and an occasional young back-to-the-lander, earn 12 cents per pound and pick 100 or more pounds each day. The record for one day is 231 pounds.

During the six-week season, the Briggses live in their camper in the valley. They spend their days locating new fiddlehead patches, transporting pickers, rowing them to river islands and collecting the harvest. They transport the fiddleheads in a refrigerated truck to W.S. Wells and Son, of Wilton, Maine, which has been in business since 1896 canning dandelion greens under the Belle of Maine label. There, 15

employees—all family members and neighbors—can around 2 tons of fiddleheads every three to four days. Vance Wells Sr., formerly a chemical engineer in New York State, designed and built the present machinery. The process involves picking over and washing the fiddleheads, then steam-blanching and cooling, hand-packing, sealing, pressure processing, cooling and finally labeling and boxing. The only American processor of fiddleheads, W.S. Wells has shipped to every state, although 95 percent of its output is consumed in Maine.

The Winooski Valley fern, the tallest of the fern family, is the Ostrich fern *(Struthiopteris germanica* or *Matteuccia pennsylvanica)*. When full-grown, an individual frond resembles an ostrich feather. Also called the Shuttlecock fern, the plant, with its circular crown, looks like a badminton birdie. Ostrich fiddleheads, which are covered with a papery brown scale, shoot up as much as 6 inches a day, and pickers snap the top 2 inches from the stalks. The same patch can be picked two or three times without harm to the rootstock and will expand rapidly by sending out runners. In the United States, the Ostrich fern is most commonly found by rivers and lakes, east of the Mississippi and north of Virginia. In Europe, it grows within the Arctic Circle.

Although in a pinch fiddleheads from many fern varieties can be eaten, some types are bitter; Avis Briggs says that the Ostrich fiddleheads are the tastiest and most abundant. It is important for the inexperienced picker to know what he or she is doing, since fiddleheads can be confused with young plants of the deadly poison hemlock or water hemlock. Fern stands can be identified in the spring by the dried brown fronds of the previous year.

The American Indians were partial to the pasture brake or bracken fern *(Pteridium aquilinum)*, which is found in dry open woods, pastures, clearings and burnt-out areas. Indian braves ate nothing but raw bracken fiddleheads on spring hunting trips to camouflage their breath from deer, who also fed on bracken fiddleheads. Indians also roasted, peeled and ate the rootstock, and powdered it for flour. Mucilaginous and similar to okra, bracken fiddleheads are eaten in New Zealand and Japan, and the black root is used in soups. So popular is bracken that the Japanese government had to pass a law to protect it from extinction.

Steamed or sautéed, in cream soups and casseroles and stuffing, cut raw into salads, fiddleheads taste like a mild asparagus and can be substituted for asparagus in almost any recipe. Regardless how they are to be used, the thin brown scales, including those in the curled tips, must be picked off, and the shoots must be soaked or washed well to remove any sand. Readers eager to try their hand at cooking fiddleheads can receive sample recipes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Food Editor, New Times, One Park Avenue, New York NY 10016.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN BRATE PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Final Tribute

Marcus Welby takes down his shingle/By Mark Goodman

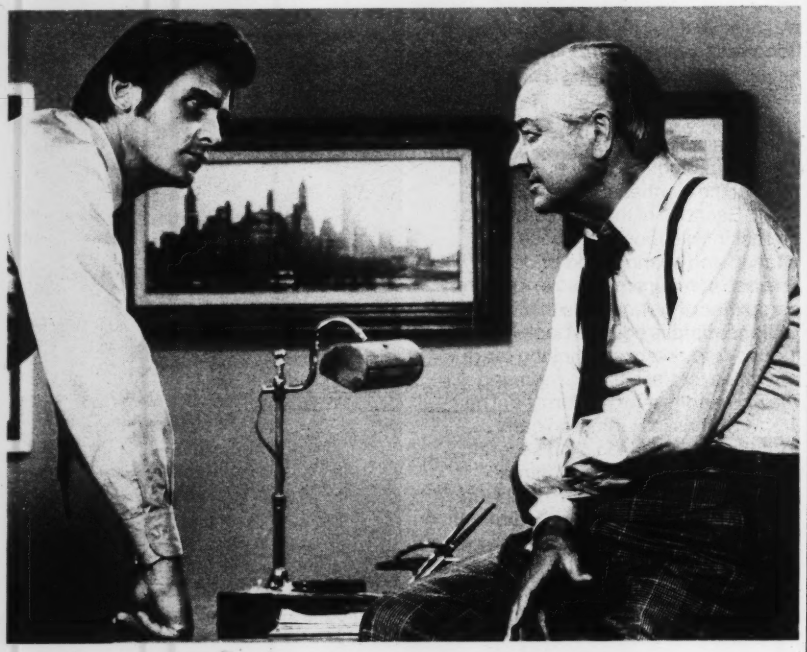
Howard Hughes expired on a private airplane recently, and I want to take this opportunity to be the first writer in Western civilization to note that he died as mysteriously as he lived. After that I don't have much to add, because Howard Hughes *was* an island, and his death in no way diminished me. He lived too high up and too far away, in clouds of cirrus and clouds of gold, and his passing in the stratosphere touched us not at all.

No, a more profound demise reached into American homes this month with the announcement by ABC-TV network officials that *Marcus Welby, M.D.* had succumbed to terminal audience defection. Now here is an intensely personal death, one that could affect the emotional health and physical well-being of us all. I'm not sure that ABC isn't asking for a malpractice suit; surely there's something in the California criminal negligence statutes about removal of the nation's miracle worker of the past seven seasons. But no, California is the land of the dread Dr. Max Rafferty; we don't stand much of a chance for bedside sympathy *there*. But it does seem as if we have been untimely ripped from the womb of Dr. Welby's cozy little office in Santa Monica—there's still so much to be *done*. As star Robert Young himself put it: "There are supposed to be 2,500 known diseases. We've only covered a fraction of them in 170 episodes."

Is there a doctor left in the country whose name deserves to be on the same shingle with Marcus Welby's? Certainly James Brolin's does not. As the virile, dedicated young assistant, Dr. Steven Kiley, he picked up the lingo nicely and voiced some astringent medical sentiments, e.g., referring to a dictatorial film director, "Why doesn't he stick to moviemaking and leave neurology to me?" And he did have the decency to fall in love with an ethereal leukemia victim. But he sped Welby's departure by his own threat to leave after he gained movie fame—many called it notoriety—for his jug-eared portrayal of Clark Gable.

Besides, I don't care if the guy was supposed to be my age, I don't trust any sawbones who tools around on a big Harley. Marcus Welby, of course, drove what used to be described in movies as a dark sedan. It was the ideal comfortable, old-fashioned conveyance for a comfortable, old-fashioned general practitioner: let your mustachioed young specialists in "family medicine" drive their Maseratis. I'll take a white-haired GP in a dark sedan every time.

Also, Marc's car was the last such vehicle to be employed as an instrument of medicine. He made house calls. He drove his patients to the hospital. He raced out to courtrooms and construction sites and movie sets when they collapsed/plummeted to earth/choked till blue/went bananas, and treated them on the spot. He stopped at highway accidents to relieve the heartbreak of whiplash with no



thought to the backbreak of malpractice. Indeed, although an indefatigable healer, Marcus Welby never, ever discussed fees. He earned, apparently, no money; his patients' recovery was all the reward he asked in return for his 18-hour day.

That meant *full* recovery: mental, physical and emotional. Marcus Welby was the compleat physician. I'll brook no snide suggestion that this was so because a prime-time medical show could gain the top spot in the Nielsen ratings only by intertwining every physical problem with an emotional problem (a widow about to remarry finds she must undergo a mastectomy, myesthenia gravis strikes a beautiful model, etc.). Now, Marcus was competent enough technically, but he did his best work in the psych/soc fields of alcoholism, divorce, sterility, impotence, miscarriage, drug abuse and even homosexual rape (which almost got his license pulled by the National Gay Task Force). Yes, Marcus was in the business of repairing whole lives; I was never so impressed with him as I was the night he shook the repulsed husband of a beautiful tubercular patient (Dana Wynter) and cried, "Listen, man! She needs to be treated as a woman, not a consumptive!"

The rest of the nation shared my awe; Robert Young received an average of 5,000 letters a week seeking medical and emotional advice. Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts* come alive across the land. These people opaquely perceived, through their confusion and misery, that Marcus Welby represented the kind of medicine their money could never buy.

Even Howard Hughes' money inevitably failed him. It could not at last purchase him a Marcus Welby, the consummate healer we all seek in the world of American dreams, whose bright-eyed benignity promises us that we can live on and on, peacefully, unburdened by pain, forever. ●

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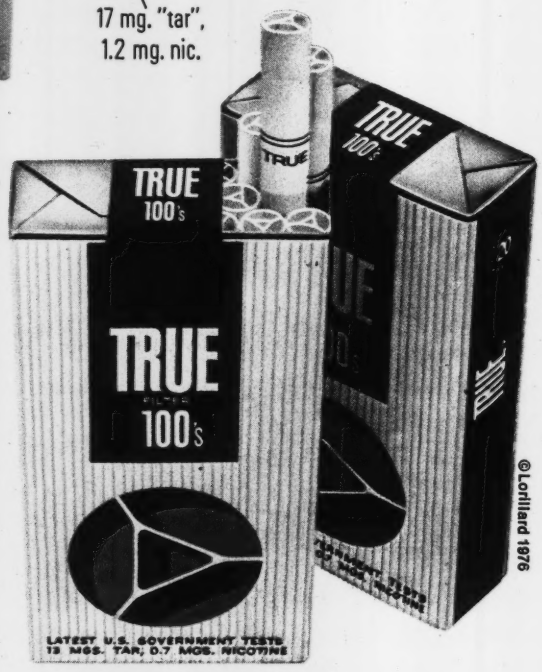

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